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THE LAST MESSAGE.—Drawn R M. Reay.

See Page 1309.

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The Constitution and the Colonies

MORE than a year ago Harper's Weekly expressed the opinion that, as events were then moving, the government would eventually take the ground that the Constitution does not control Congress in legislating for distant territories, and that the Supreme Court may sustain that contention if it ever has the opportunity to consider the question. We base our opinion upon the historical development of the question as it has come before the Court under the clause of the Constitution giving to Congress the power to "make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory" of the United States. John Marshall began the line of decisions soon after the purchase of Florida from Spain and the establishment of a Territorial government. The question then arose under a provision of the law of Congress giving to the local Territorial court maritime jurisdiction. Although the Constitution grants to the courts of the United States power in "*all* cases of admiralty and maritime jurisdiction," Chief-Justice Marshall, speaking for the Court, held that the power was properly granted to the local court of Florida, on the ground that the Constitution, in this provision at least, referred only to the judicial jurisdiction in the States, Congress being at liberty to grant to Territorial courts any jurisdiction that might seem to it appropriate.

We have never been able to see why this decision does not necessarily sustain the contention that Congress, with the President's consent or over his veto, may establish any government it pleases over a Territory, without regard to the limitations of the Constitution. That is to say, Chief-Justice Marshall's ruling could be appealed to as a precedent warranting Congress in a disregard of those provisions which were inserted in the Constitution for the purpose of protecting the States against Federal interference, and the citizen against the oppressions and invasions of his liberty and his privacy that are guarded against in the bill of rights which is to be found in every one of our Constitutions. Although this is apparently the scope of the Marshall opinion, there have since been many dicta of the Court which have indicated a belief on the part of the judges that the limitations as to personal rights would apply, and that Congress would be obliged to obey them in enacting a law for the government of Territories. The earlier view, however, received a strong support in 1889 from Justice Bradley, who, in the case of "The Late Corporation of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints *vs.* The United States," pronounced the following dictum: "Doubtless Congress, in legislating for the Territories, would be subject to those fundamental limitations in favor of *personal rights* which are formulated in the Constitution and its amendments; but these limitations would exist rather by inference and the general spirit of the Constitution, from which Congress derives all its powers, than by express and direct application of its provisions." In other words, the limitations as to personal rights are not binding in law, but are binding in morals. Therefore, whenever Congress deems that morality, including the essentials of good government, requires that these limitations shall not be observed, it is not only its right, but it would be its duty, to disregard them.

Assuming, for the sake of illustration, that Congress were enacting a law for the government of the Philippines. It would be dealing with a people mostly savage, and partly Latin and Catholic. The savage and the semi-savage races predominate, however, and their needs and peculiarities would necessarily be the subject of most serious consideration. Congress, we think, under Justice Bradley's decision, would not feel itself obliged to consider at all the limitations in framing a law for the government of the Philippines. It would probably deny to the Tagals, for example, the right of assembling, the right to bear arms, the security against search and seizure, guaranteed to our own people. Possibly Congress might be inclined to interfere with certain religious rites or fanaticisms common to savage peoples, and would doubtless prohibit polygamy and slavery in Sulu, although, under the decision of the Supreme Court, it would feel at liberty to permit the continuance of both.

According to Justice Bradley's view, the limitations as to other than personal rights are binding neither in law nor in morals. Congress, in a word, would have a perfectly free hand in establishing a government for any of the new possessions, as free as the British Parliament possesses in legislating for the empire. If the President would consent, or, if he would not, by a two-thirds vote overriding his veto, Congress might establish a government in the Philippines, or in Puerto Rico, or Hawaii or Alaska, with which, to take an extreme example of what is possible, the President nor the judiciary of the United States would have no relation whatever. It ought to be explained, perhaps, that, under the decision of the courts, Congress is the sole judge of the validity of a law passed by a Territorial Legislature. It enacts the Federal law establishing the Territorial government, and that law becomes the Constitution of the Territory—the standard by which the validity of all local legislation is measured. Congress, it is held, is the sole judge in a question as to the legality of a local statute, so that the Federal courts are to that extent already ousted from jurisdiction in the Territories. If the limitations of the Constitution do not apply to the original act setting up the Territorial government, its constitutionality cannot come before the Federal courts. It only remains for Congress, in establishing the Territorial government, to create a complete local judiciary, from which no appeal lies to a United States court, and we have the judiciary relieved altogether of the burdens of Territorial legislation, which, in respect of all the Territories but Hawaii and Alaska, will be governed under the civil law instead of the common law, the local statutory law being mainly Spanish and radically different from that which is interpreted and administered by our domestic courts. It is probable, however, that though Congress may do all this under the interpretation of the Constitution of which we are speaking, it would at least connect the Supreme Court with the Territorial courts by authorizing appeals to Washington in cases involving important questions or large interests.

It is not to be imagined that Congress would oust the President from power in a Territory, but we mention its right to do so in order to illustrate most forcibly the extent of its jurisdiction under Justice Bradley's dictum. It is likely, however, that Congress will exercise this power by disregarding such a provision of the Constitution as that which requires that all "duties, imposts, and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States." It seems to be the proper policy of the country to maintain the "open door" in the East, but we cannot do so without repealing our own protective tariff, unless Congress is at liberty, in establishing a government for the islands, to refuse to be bound by those limitations which were imposed upon it for the protection of the States constituting the Union.

This question is of importance, not only because Congress is approaching the subject, but because it seems, from one passage of his annual report, that Secretary Root holds the view that the Constitution does not apply to the distant territories. Secretary Root is not only the strongest lawyer of the cabinet, but he is now charged with the government of all our colonies except Hawaii and Alaska. His opinion, therefore, is significant. Senator Frye, in an interview published in the New York *World*, is reported also to have said that the Constitution does not apply. The contention has evidently forced itself upon the minds of those who are contemplating the establishment of colonial governments, and who are alive to the difficulties of the problem.

THE Roberts case has resulted in an uprising of the people, and there is no one to defend the central figure of the disturbance, except as to the manner of his exclusion from the House of Representatives. Even those who are opposed to the action of the House of Representatives are quick to explain that it is not for Roberts or the polygamous Mormons that they are contending, but for the integrity of the proceedings of the House itself, and against the establishment of a precedent that may be dangerous. These scruples aside, they may be counted on to stand with their fellow-citizens in condemning the plural marriages of the Mormon Church. There is no doubt that the whole country sympathizes with the strong language used by Representatives Taylor and Rae in objecting to the mere presence of Roberts in Congress. Mr. Rae said: "If these facts be true, the member ought not to be admitted. He is a polygamist, and his election is an assault upon the American home, an effort to degrade American womanhood and to destroy the sacred marriage relations." Mr. Fitzgerald, a Democratic member from Massachusetts, said that he opposed Roberts not on account of his religious views, but "on account of his practices, which are a standing disgrace to American civilization and common decency as regarded by practically the entire American people." Even Mr. Richardson, the Democratic leader, who defended Roberts on the question at issue, and insisted that he should be sworn in, said: "I say in the outset, with all the emphasis I can command, if the member from Utah is guilty of the offences charged against him, he should not be allowed to retain a seat in the House. If there is one thing upon which the American people are one, and upon which they should remain united, it is that the homes of our people and their domestic relations should be forever preserved in all their loveliness, sweetness, and purity." It is hardly necessary to add to these remarks of the Representatives of both parties. They express the historic sentiments of the American people, which has found further voice in a monster memorial to Congress signed by 7,000,000 men and women. There is nothing more beautiful in the world than the typical American home, which rests on monogamy and fosters purity. It is essentially and unalterably the enemy of polygamy, and no man who practises that vice ought to be a law-maker in the republic.

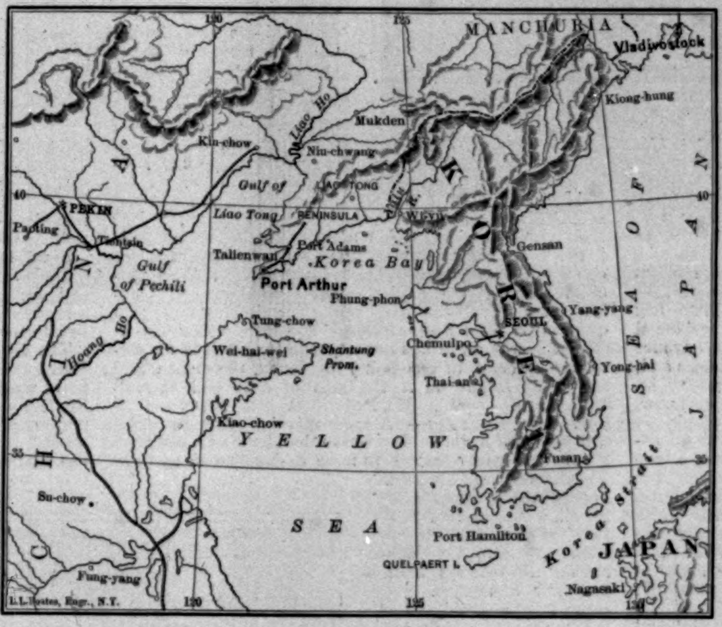
IT is pleasing to note that the Kentucky State Election Commissioners have finally given the certificate of election for Governor to Taylor, the Republican candidate. Those of our readers who followed the history of the Kentucky campaign as it was presented in Harper's Weekly will recall that the election was held and the votes counted under a law invented by Goebel, the Democratic candidate, and intended to give to him and his party full control of the canvassing machinery. Doubtless the law was intended to enable the Democrats to count in Goebel, who afterwards obtained the nomination by fraud and violence. But the whole State arose in angry protest. The silver Democrats divided, and part of them nominated a third ticket, headed by John Young Brown. The gold Democrats gave these seceders their countenance. The Populists, too, united with these and the Republicans against Goebel. Even a resort to force was talked of in the event of an effort to carry out the purpose of the Goebel law, and ever since the day of election it has been evident that the Goebel leaders were planning an attempt to deprive the people of their rights. They have sought to secure the throwing out of whole counties on trivial pretexts; but at last the pressure was too strong for two of the State board—Judge Pryor and ex-Congressman Ellis—and they gave the certificate to Taylor, because, as Ellis explained, he could not do otherwise and remain an honest man. But he was willing to take the place at the outset, and so was Judge Pryor, who added to that offence by stumping the State for Goebel, upon the question of whose election or defeat he had to act as a judge. How bitterly the disappointed Goebelites must have assailed these two—the third commissioner found for Goebel—is shown by Ellis's words and by Pryor's resignation. But honesty has triumphed over rascality, and law reigns in Kentucky.

THE promotion of Brigadier-General Wood to the rank of Major-General and his appointment as the new Governor of Cuba are both excellent moves, such as the country altogether approves of. The all-round capacity that Major-General Wood has shown at Santiago, in cleansing the city of the filth of three hundred years, stamping out fever, remodelling the schools and courts of justice, clearing the neighborhood of brigandage, and reconciling the Cubans, and especially the remnants of the Cuban army, to modern habits and modern systems of government, has very properly been the pride of the entire country. Practically he has built up a new state out of something that was rather worse than nothing, with a resourcefulness of tact and sympathy and inflexible firmness that deserves all the praise that has been given to it. The people of Cuba are never likely to be ruled by a Governor who knows what they ought to have better than Major-General Wood or is more qualified to give it to them.

RUSSIA AND JAPAN—A COMING STRUGGLE

BY ARNOLD WHITE

RUMOR declares a struggle between Russia and Japan to be imminent. Whether the struggle be imminent or not, it is inevitable. A glance at the map and a knowledge of modern history reveal the causes of the coming conflict between the Japanese and the Russians. Japan, like England, is an overcrowded island power; unlike England, the mining and shipping interests are comparatively small. Japan must grow or perish. The nearest territory to Japan is the peninsula of Korea. The question of mastery in Korea was the direct cause of the war with China. Japan and China both claimed the overlordship of the peninsula. The Russians also have long had their eye on Korea, and have watched with jealousy Japanese progress in the Hermit Kingdom. In 1886 England took a hand in securing the independence of Korea, and obtained an assurance from Russia disclaiming all intention of interfering with Korea. M. Ladygensky, the Russian chargé d'affaires at Pekin, was authorized by the Tsar himself to repeat personally these assurances to the Grand Secretary Li, Minister Superintendent of Northern Trade, who was then charged with the direction of affairs between China and Korea. M. Ladygensky explicitly declared that "neither directly nor indirectly would Russia hereafter meddle with territory belonging to Korea." On the faith of that Russian guarantee Great Britain evacuated Port Hamilton. How Russia kept this promise is well known. Her conflict with the Japanese over the question of ascendency in Korea began almost immediately after Admiral Vesey Hamilton hauled down the British flag at Port Hamilton. Russia did not feel herself strong enough after the Japanese-China war to occupy Korean territory. She did the next best thing. In 1895 she occupied Port Arthur, at the extremity of the Liao Tong Peninsula, having previously compelled the Japanese evacuation of that port by the aid of the French fleet and the partnership of Germany. But for England, Japan's fate would then have been sealed. We saved her from Russia, France, and Germany. The heavy Russian battleships were stripped for fighting, and after the punishment the Japanese fleet had received at Yalu and elsewhere, it is probable that the Russians would have been successful in a naval engagement with the Japanese. Russian action, however, was suddenly checked by the declaration of English sympathy for Japan; and the Russian bear, although sulky at being balked of his quarry, was compelled to desist from measures which undoubtedly would have been taken but for the diplomatic action of Great Britain. Japan has never forgotten, and will never forget, the conduct of Russia. She had hoped to occupy Korea and to regenerate China. Her statesmen saw with clear vision that the only chance of stemming the advance of the great power from the north was in marrying Japanese abilities and capacity to the latent power and teeming population of China. Russia, however, scored the first move in the game. Japan was ejected from Port Arthur because her presence, in the words of the Russian minister, "would be dangerous to the balance of power in China." Japan saw without amazement, but with the bitterest hatred, the very state which had turned her out of Port Arthur in the name of international law occupying the priceless possession for her own purposes. The indignation of the Japanese was shown by the manner in which the news was received. They are vain, full of humor, able to conceal their real feelings, but men killed themselves for rage when they heard of the surrender of Port Arthur, which had been won by the blood and valor of their own people. Peace was made, though Japan was robbed of the just fruits of her victory.



THE COVETED TERRITORY.

The people were told that the war was postponed, that the peace was an armistice, and that when Japan was strong enough she would take her revenge on the insolent power that had robbed her of the fruits of victory. The Japanese, in whom political prescience is not wanting, saw clearly that if they were to be revenged on Russia it would be necessary to fight before the completion of the great Siberian Railway. It was a race between a railway and a fleet. Accordingly, for the last four years Japan has concentrated all her efforts on building up a navy which would enable her to adjust matters with her bitterest enemy. Her army successful as it was against the undrilled hordes of China, is greatly improved, for Japan knows that her national existence depends upon her armed strength, and that if she waits until Russia has completed her railway she will be attacked at Russia's own time.

Like the Boers, the Japanese have armed as silently as possible. They have blown no trumpets, and have attracted no attention to the drilling of their armies, the increase to their fleets. Japan, however, is not a rich power in material wealth. She is rich in the character of her population, in the valor of her soldiers and sailors, and in the temperance and virility of her manhood. The fleet she has built is evidence of the magnitude of her self-sacrifice and the intensity of the national effort to obtain dominion of the Eastern seas. She now has three of the largest battle-ships, four powerful armored cruisers, three smaller cruisers, six destroyers, and twenty-three torpedo-boats on the stocks, completing or projected. The forces of the two powers in the Far East are as follows:

Battle-ships: Russia, three—*Navarin*, *Sissoi Veliki*, *Petropavlosk*. Japan, four—*Fuji*, *Yashima*, *Shikishima*, *Chin Yen*.

Armored cruisers: Russia, six—*Rossia*, *Rurik*, *Vladimir Monomakh*, *Dmitri Donskoi*, *Pamiat Azova*, *Admiral Nakhimov*. Japan, two—*Asama*, *Tokiwa*.

Modern cruisers: Russia, one—*Kornilov*. Japan, fourteen—*Takasago*, *Kasagi*, *Chitose*, *Yoshino*, *Itsukushima*, *Hashidate*, *Matsushima*, *Akitsushima*, *Suma*, *Akashi*, *Chiyoda*, *Naniwa*, *Takachiho*, *Izumi*.

Gunboats: Russia, four—*Gremiastchi*, *Khrabry*, *Otvajni*, *Vsadnik*. Japan, one—*Tatsuta*.

Destroyers: Russia, two. Japan, six.

Torpedo-boats: Russia, ten. Japan, thirty.

The Japanese battle-ship *Shikishima*, a brand-new vessel now on her way out, is faster, bigger, and better armed than any of the Russian ships. The *Yashima* and *Fuji* are also new and very powerful.

The Russians are superior in armored cruisers, but they are vastly behind in modern protected cruisers, where the Japanese are very strong. Such a vessel as the *Takasago*, with two 8-inch and ten 4.7-inch quick-firers, is a match for any of the Russian armored cruisers, except perhaps the huge four-funnelled *Rurik* and *Rossia*. On the other hand, Russia has steadily strengthened her forces on land during the last six years. Troops have poured out to Vladivostok, and Port Arthur since its acquirement, from every ship that sails from Odessa or Sevastopol. Ten thousand men left this week. According to the *Militär-Wochenblatt*, which watches these Russian movements closely, the following is the strength of the Russian army in the Amur province at the present time:

Thirty-eight battalions of infantry, on the war-footing about 38,000 men; eight reserve battalions, about 8000; eighteen batteries of artillery, each with 8 guns (of these two are heavy howitzer batteries and two light mountain batteries); one sapper and one railway battalion; thirteen companies of garrison artillery. The total is about 55,000 men on the war-footing.

In Kwang-tung and garrisoning the great fortress of Port Arthur, where numerous guns are already mounted, are four battalions of infantry, a thousand Cossacks, a thousand garrison artillery, and two field-batteries, besides a naval brigade. Therefore the grand total of Russian forces in the Far East is under 65,000, with 160 guns.

Against these Japan can put into the field thirteen divisions, each 13,000 strong, besides providing troops for garrison purposes at home. Thus her total of men available is 169,000 men, with 415 guns. Behind them would stand trained men to the number of 130,000 as reserves and garrison troops.

These are the forces in opposition. It will be interesting to consider the consequences of victory to either side. If Japan were to win, the Anglo-Saxon race on both sides of the Atlantic would be face to face with a victorious Mongolian power, with boundless ambition, unchecked by religious or sentimental considerations. A victorious Japan, in addition to occupying Korea and Port Arthur, would covet the Philippines, Sumatra, Borneo, and even Australia. A victorious Japan would consummate an alliance with China, which in twenty years would have drilled an army of four millions of temperate men, careless of death, armed with modern weapons. The commercial supremacy of such a race would be assured in the Eastern seas. Lord Charles Beresford, in his monumental work on the *Break-up of China* (Harper's), speaks of the complete state of efficiency that he found in all naval and military establishments in Japan, of the system carried out with the seamen's and military rations, and of the same love of order and capacity for organization that was enabling the nation, with a patriotism never known before in the Far East, to contemplate the open door in China as the object to be attained by Japanese diplomacy and arms. Only one-twelfth of the Japanese Empire can be cultivated. In a bad rice year food is now imported in enormous quantities. In order to pay for this import Japan must have an export. China is the nearest market, and trade is the only market by which the Japanese millions can be fed. Japan, therefore, enters the struggle fighting for her life. Russia fights for conquest.

Now let us turn to the consequences of Russia's victory over Japan. The destruction of the Japanese fleet, the occupation of Korea, the establishment of strong places at Chemulpo and other harbors on the Korean coast, would give to Russia the control of the China seas. Addressing the Primrose League, on May 4, 1898, Lord Salisbury said: "I think Russia has made a great mistake in taking Port Arthur. I do not think it is any use to her whatever." There is probably no naval or military American officer who would agree with Lord Salisbury. Russia is not in the habit of putting down her foot where she is obliged to take it up. For the moment Port Arthur and Talienwan may perhaps be no sources of strength, but in less than a decade Muscovite Manchuria will be unassailable; Port Arthur will be a Cronstadt, and the weakness of Vladivostok completely remedied. Vladivostok was dependent for stores on Odessa. Port Arthur is the armed port of a district possessing coal, iron, rich agricultural possibilities, and a hardy population of four millions capable of being trained into excellent soldiers. With a railway and a well-organized army at its back, no repetition of the Crimean campaign, undertaken by a European power ten thousand miles from its base, would be possible. Finally, as Sir George Clarke points out in his work on *Russia's Sea-Power*, when the Manchurian railways are constructed, "Peking will be within striking distance." It may be declared, therefore, with some assurance and certainty, that instead of Port Arthur being of no use to Russia, no step taken by that power in the present century is comparable in importance to the occupation of the Liao Tong Peninsula. If Russia were successful in the event of war with Japan, a nascent commercial power would be crushed. Muscovite ambitions have never run in the direction of a great commerce. The Russian mercantile marine is small, and shows no signs of marked increase. Commercial men in Russia are looked on with contempt by the governing classes. They rank with Muzhiks. The war navy has been increased with feverish vigor to enable Russia to overcome her geographical disadvantages in the Far East. With Russia victorious it is doubtful whether she would desire to shut the open door in China; or, if desirous, whether she would be able to do so.

With regard to the probable result of a naval war between Japan and Russia, the Russians have never distinguished themselves in war since the battle of Pultowa. They were beaten by the Persians at the end of the last century on the Caspian Sea. It is true that the Persians were under an Englishman, named Elton, who organized the Persian navy for Nadir Shah, and trained the most unnautical nation in the world to become dominant in the Caspian. The Japanese are naturally good men-of-war's men. They are ready, resourceful, obedient, cheerful, and familiar with the sea from their youth up. Russia, despite her vast extent of territory and great coast-line, has practically no seafaring population of her own race. Her naval recruits are drawn almost entirely from the Baltic coast, the shores of Courland, and the Baltic Provinces. The fisher-folk of these regions are not of the Slavonic race. They are German in origin, in feeling, and in religion. Many of them dislike, or rather hate, the Muscovite. They submit to discipline because their Teutonic instinct impels them to obey. The Baltic recruit has no pride in the service. He gets drunk whenever he can, and he deserts when opportunity arises. Russian seamen who are not Slavs are very rarely allowed ashore in a foreign port, and the discrimination in the Russian navy between the recruit of the Baltic Provinces and the pure-blooded Slav in such matters as leave and punishment does not popularize the service. The true-born Russian abominates the sea. He is an inland creature, loving a gallop over the steppes and the free air of the boundless plains. The early Slav race used the same word to designate the ocean and death. Russian sailors are stupid, Russian punishments are degrading, Russian habits drunken. The experience of a Russian seaman is scanty.

Two-thirds of the men in the Russian imperial navy have never fired shot or shell from a gun afloat. For six months in the year they are laid up in harbor. The discipline to which Russian sailors are subject is so rigorous as to kill those sentiments of self-respect which strike American and English officers as the first requisite of a good man-of-war's man. Educated society in Russia is not happy as to the chances of success in a war with Japan. To despatch all the military stores, the commissariat, and the army itself, including the transport for 250,000 men, is a task under which Russian services, with their peculiar habits of self-indulgence and traditions of corruption, may easily break down. On these grounds I think that Japan will more than hold her own for the first year of the fight.

Of the policy of Great Britain and the United States, their interests being identical, though not of equal magnitude, there is no question. The open door in China must be maintained at all hazards. The only way in which this can be done is an Anglo-Saxon understanding, and if the Pacific is not to become either Mongolian or Muscovite, the Anglo-Saxon race must see to it that China be not shut to Anglo-Saxon commerce. So long as that object is secured, it is immaterial to us whether Russia crushes Japan or Japan bleeds Russia white.

IGNAZ PADEREWSKI.
Photograph by Krziwanek, Vienna.

The Secret of Paderewski

IT was in the autumn of 1891, or nearly eight years ago, that Ignaz Paderewski's first appearance on the American concert-stage came to pass. There had been really no long and few solicitous or accidental processes of making the Polish pianist an advance reputation before he could cross the Atlantic and, like Sir Peter Teazle, looked after his own character. Indeed, Mr. Paderewski was relatively a new gladiator, though one carefully observed, in the arena of his art abroad. A long term of obscurity and a local following had been ripening an intellect and tempering a temperament and polishing a technical mastership of the first order. Moreover, Mr. Paderewski faced American juries when many distinguished pianofortists had been considered and acclaimed as great interpreters, or merely eminent virtuosi. But from the first evening when Mr. Paderewski came to show us what was in him, there has gathered about him the strongest and the most persistent sensationalism that ever in the United States has been a part of public interest in a pianist's individuality and art. It has swelled like a volcanic wave; and to say that the full demonstrations of it have passed all rhyme or reason is an old confession. Hence, along with the firmest and most deserved appreciation of Mr. Paderewski as a pianist in the high estate of his calling—which appreciation naturally has come from a wide and wide-awake section of the music-hearers all about the land—has existed a storm-centre of idle, almost of vulgar, curiosity and of ungoverned hysteria, with every kind of manifestation that such base metal in a miscellaneous audience can produce. Within the active musical life of the older generation of auditors concerned, the name of only one musical aristocrat has ever been as much a magnet to the undiscerning, along with the discerning. At Madame Patti's concerts the stone-deaf have scrambled for places; and those to whom all music is as Sneak's noise have paid premiums for extremely bad seats.

But all the time Mr. Paderewski's distinctly music-feeling and pianist-knowing public have not failed him, not even when almost overpowered in the maelstrom of casual attendance—where this best kind of a clientage must find itself. This fact, proved and obvious, tour by tour of Mr. Paderewski, concert by concert, stands out as a vital and most pleasurable element. It is more to his honor and glory than all the faintings of young women after a Liszt rhapsody. As time has passed, musicians have sworn the more roundly by Paderewski's virtues and powers. A continued and more varied opportunity of impression and of analysis of them has been practical. Those who long ago read him as being a chapter quite out of the common in his profession have not found him less unusual and distinguishable, no matter what are the public conditions of his career. Indeed, with familiarity—that dangerous privilege—the surpassing stature of Paderewski as a romantic interpreter of music, as well as a wonder-player, has become all the better defined. During his absences from our seasons he has been missed not just by so many thousands of people who applaud him on general principles, or on special ones that do not much refer to music; but by the finest and most conservative legion of American musical auditors.

Mr. Paderewski is again with us, on another long round of the musical cities of our country. His concerts last week brought together the usual vast and heterogeneous kind of attendance. The currents of sentimental interest, of nervous curiosity, and of a genuine musicianly enthusiasm—this last perhaps as undercurrent—ran into each other as freely and curiously as has been the old Paderewski story. It may be noted here for the information (possibly for the relief) of one or another class of Mr. Paderewski's admirers, which at a distance from New York is awaiting his 1899 visit, that Mr. Paderewski has not significantly altered in his outward semblance, in his quiet demeanor at his instrument, or in meeting the selfishness below the tempests of enthusiasm lavished on him. And as Mr. Paderewski came to us a long time ago, quite matured in physique, a man in his temperament, a broad artist in emotional equipment, and absolutely consummate in his pianistic skill—and as no mischance, nor reason for artistic retrogression, has befallen him—why, Mr. Paderewski is the same to-day. Beyond a certain high measure of insight and of capableness as a technicist, as a virtuoso, it is not given to a pianist to advance. Your grown giant of pianism cannot, by taking all the thought in the world, add to his artistic stature a centimetre that is really significant.

The highest artist-interpreter, like Tausig or Paderewski—though linking the two names does not mean likeness in the equipments—cannot outdo himself, even with the best good-will toward such a miracle, when once whatever belongs to his individuality be fixed.

The hold on the public of this remarkable musical personality is evidently as firm as ever. And why not? For the secret of Paderewski's spell over the best of a public is favorably and readily enough analyzed, exactly as one can set out the good and the bad, the useful and the mischievous, what makes for valuable conditions of pianism or for unvaluable ones, under the circumstances that quite often attend other players' recitals. When as part of that secret all things are set aside (which it is no particular pleasure to recognize) the secret, the charm, still has richly bright in it the gold of pure and extraordinary musicianship. Mr. Paderewski is the first romantic interpreter of our day —at least no rival pianists can lessen that aspect of his art. More than that, he is a pianist with a sense of beauty second to none to-day known as well. The full degree of his amazing virtuosity appears, after all, a second consideration, the more one balances elements. And Mr. Paderewski has always been, and now remains, a consummately natural lyrist of the keyboard—a singer of the clavier—so far as the piano-forte can at present aid and uphold its high-priests in that relation. Our huge halls, the absence of any outer aids of intimacy, hinderances of our tranquil enjoyment, the inevitable limitations of the pianist's repertory, the mixture of unmusical components almost at large, these do not ruin the vivid, general impressions of tonal beauty. Paderewski has the genuinely romantic temperament which touches hearts, old or young; the finest characteristic of this exceptionally acclaimed musician. So long as this secret spell—so often questioned—which Mr. Paderewski can exert is distinctly felt by musical men and women about him, indistinctly by the rest of the player's metropolitan auditory, more material influences are not to be too strictly reckoned. A pianistic charlatan can never retain the enthusiasm of the musical world, from one season to another, under the contemporary conditions of his profession, as Mr. Paderewski retains it. The secret of a Paderewski, after all deductions, resolves itself into a temperament that is instant in its understanding of whatever is beautiful and romantic in a phase of æsthetics, and into a dominion over every detail that can publish them to the just or unjust.

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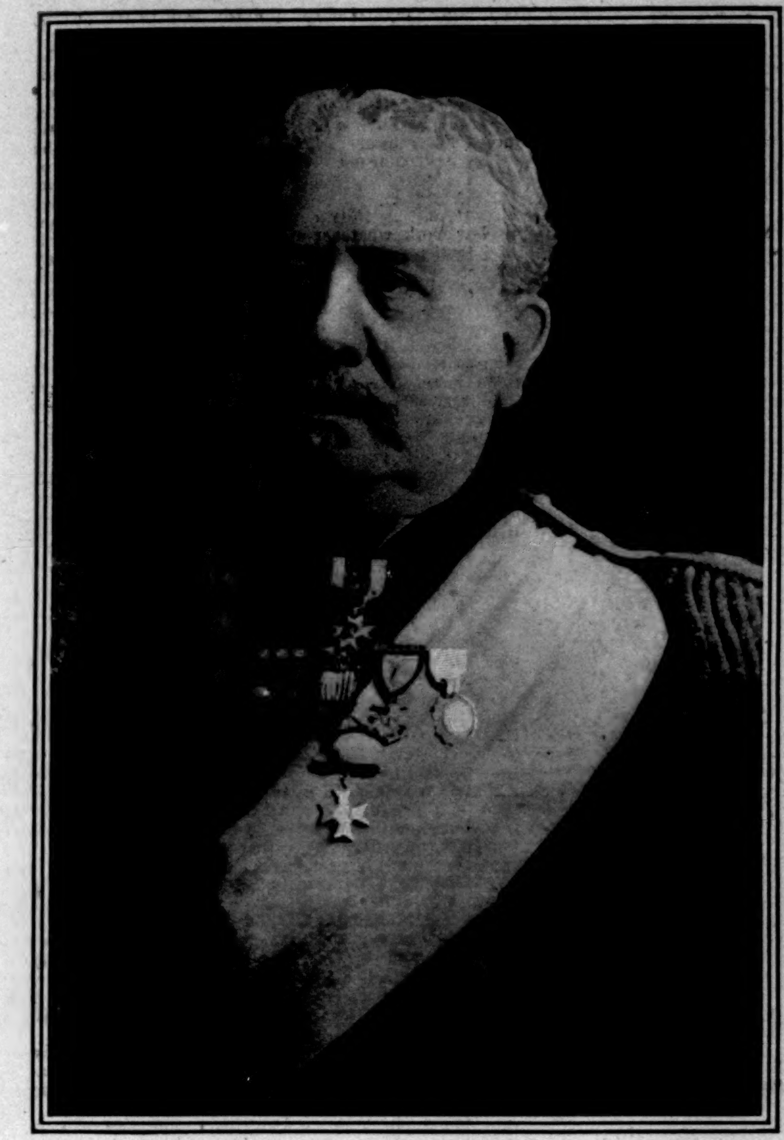

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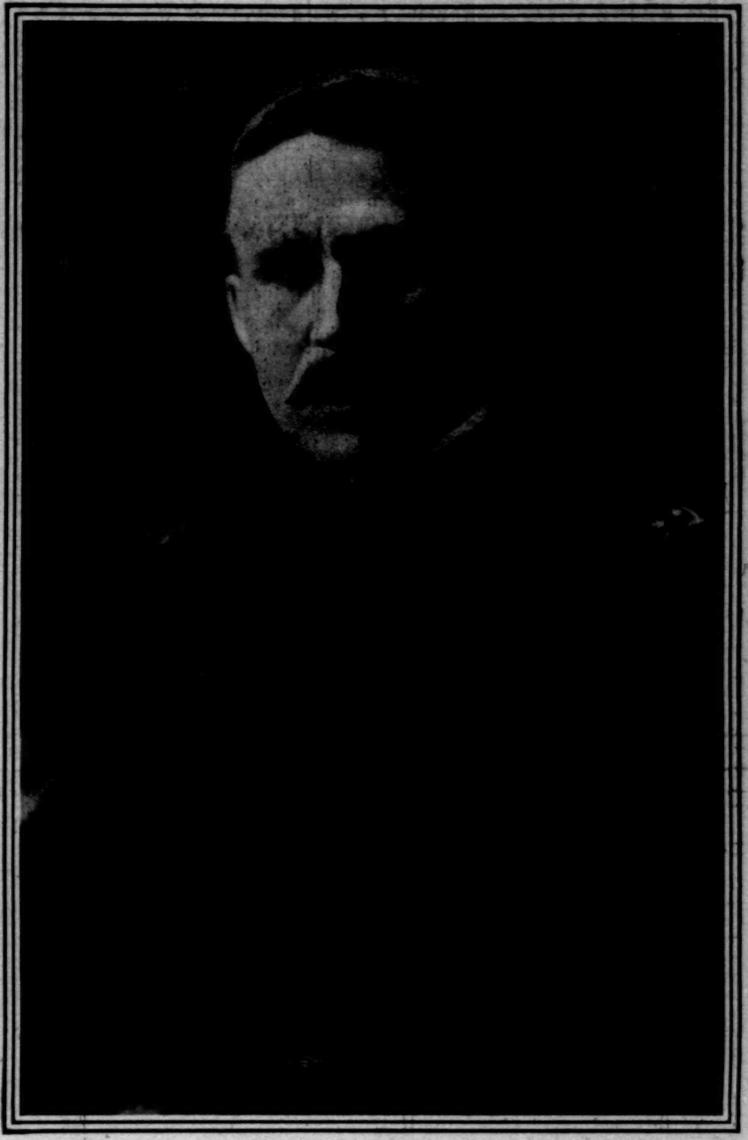

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Mr. Carton's "Wheels Within Wheels" is equally far from the spirit of latter-day naturalistic comedy, but in quite a different direction. Even more than "Lord and Lady Algy" it is an extravaganza of horsy English manners. The characters are imagined with childlike feeling for contrasts, and with a delightful irrelevance that suggests Stevenson in his most fantastic work, but there is this difference, that whereas Stevenson's people would be unknown or unrelated to one another, Mr. Carton's are bound together by friendships and closer intimacies that seem little short of impossible. There is a most excellent "bounder," *James Blagden* (Mr. Robert Hilliard), for instance, who steams with the odor of the stables, and is redolent of a sort of Cockney *demi-monde;* and then there is *Lady Algy* herself again. The *Hon. Mrs. Onslow Bulmer* (Miss Hilda Spong), who is full of a racy good comradeship and good sense, and whose very unconventionality has a refinement that belongs to the part.

A large part of the plot hinges on the fact that *Mrs. Bulmer* has promised to marry her raging cockney, "sometime, perhaps," but why she should ever have done so is less clear than the reason why two such good people as *Lord* and *Lady Algy* ever became separated; and there are the people who have affiliations with *Blagden*, who seem equally to belong to an alien world. Added to this jumble of characters there is a similar improbable entanglement in the plot—the wheels within wheels of the title—the sum and substance of which is that *Mrs. Bulmer* is at inconceivable pains to risk her own good name—in fact, to compromise it to save the reputation of a prig of a brother and an idiot of a sister-in-law. In a word, there is a rehandling of the theme which is common to "Lord and Lady Algy" and to the "Liars." All this is not to say that the play lacks charm and diversion. The boundings of *Blagden* are an incessant joy, and *Mrs. Bulmer's* reputable lover, *Lord Eric* (Mr. John Mason), is an unusually well-drawn character, acted with unusual conviction and charm. As for *Lady Algy-Bulmer*, her clear-cut comradely charm is unimpaired, and is well interpreted by Miss Spong. That alone will insure the play prosperity with its audiences.

JOHN CORBIN.

IGNAZ PADEREWSKI.
Photograph by Krziwanek, Vienna.

The Secret of Paderewski

IT was in the autumn of 1891, or nearly eight years ago, that Ignaz Paderewski's first appearance on the American concert-stage came to pass. There had been really no long and few solicitous or accidental processes of making the Polish pianist an advance reputation before he could cross the Atlantic and, like Sir Peter Teazle, looked after his own character. Indeed, Mr. Paderewski was relatively a new gladiator, though one carefully observed, in the arena of his art abroad. A long term of obscurity and a local following had been ripening an intellect and tempering a temperament and polishing a technical mastership of the first order. Moreover, Mr. Paderewski faced American juries when many distinguished pianofortists had been considered and acclaimed as great interpreters, or merely eminent virtuosi. But from the first evening when Mr. Paderewski came to show us what was in him, there has gathered about him the strongest and the most persistent sensationalism that ever in the United States has been a part of public interest in a pianist's individuality and art. It has swelled like a volcanic wave; and to say that the full demonstrations of it have passed all rhyme or reason is an old confession. Hence, along with the firmest and most deserved appreciation of Mr. Paderewski as a pianist in the high estate of his calling—which appreciation naturally has come from a wide and wide-awake section of the music-hearers all about the land—has existed a storm-centre of idle, almost of vulgar, curiosity and of ungoverned hysteria, with every kind of manifestation that such base metal in a miscellaneous audience can produce. Within the active musical life of the older generation of auditors concerned, the name of only one musical aristocrat has ever been as much a magnet to the undiscerning, along with the discerning. At Madame Patti's concerts the stone-deaf have scrambled for places; and those to whom all music is as Sneak's noise have paid premiums for extremely bad seats.

But all the time Mr. Paderewski's distinctly music-feeling and pianist-knowing public have not failed him, not even when almost overpowered in the maelstrom of casual attendance—where this best kind of a clientage must find itself. This fact, proved and obvious, tour by tour of Mr. Paderewski, concert by concert, stands out as a vital and most pleasurable element. It is more to his honor and glory than all the faintings of young women after a Liszt rhapsody. As time has passed, musicians have sworn the more roundly by Paderewski's virtues and powers. A continued and more varied opportunity of impression and of analysis of them has been practical. Those who long ago read him as being a chapter quite out of the common in his profession have not found him less unusual and distinguishable, no matter what are the public conditions of his career. Indeed, with familiarity—that dangerous privilege—the surpassing stature of Paderewski as a romantic interpreter of music, as well as a wonder-player, has become all the better defined. During his absences from our seasons he has been missed not just by so many thousands of people who applaud him on general principles, or on special ones that do not much refer to music; but by the finest and most conservative legion of American musical auditors.

Mr. Paderewski is again with us, on another long round of the musical cities of our country. His concerts last week brought together the usual vast and heterogeneous kind of attendance. The currents of sentimental interest, of nervous curiosity, and of a genuine musicianly enthusiasm—this last perhaps as undercurrent—ran into each other as freely and curiously as has been the old Paderewski story. It may be noted here for the information (possibly for the relief) of one or another class of Mr. Paderewski's admirers, which at a distance from New York is awaiting his 1899 visit, that Mr. Paderewski has not significantly altered in his outward semblance, in his quiet demeanor at his instrument, or in meeting the selfishness below the tempests of enthusiasm lavished on him. And as Mr. Paderewski came to us a long time ago, quite matured in physique, a man in his temperament, a broad artist in emotional equipment, and absolutely consummate in his pianistic skill—and as no mischance, nor reason for artistic retrogression, has befallen him—why, Mr. Paderewski is the same to-day. Beyond a certain high measure of insight and of capableness as a technicist, as a virtuoso, it is not given to a pianist to advance. Your grown giant of pianism cannot, by taking all the thought in the world, add to his artistic stature a centimetre that is really significant.

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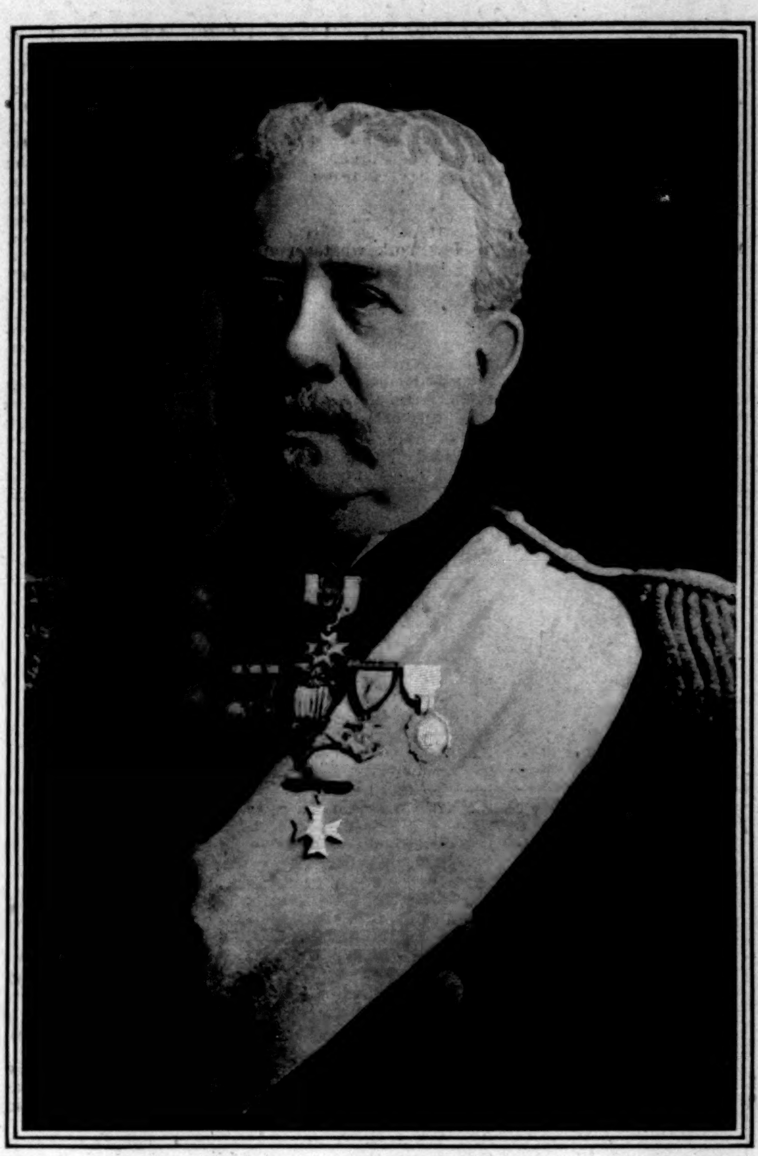

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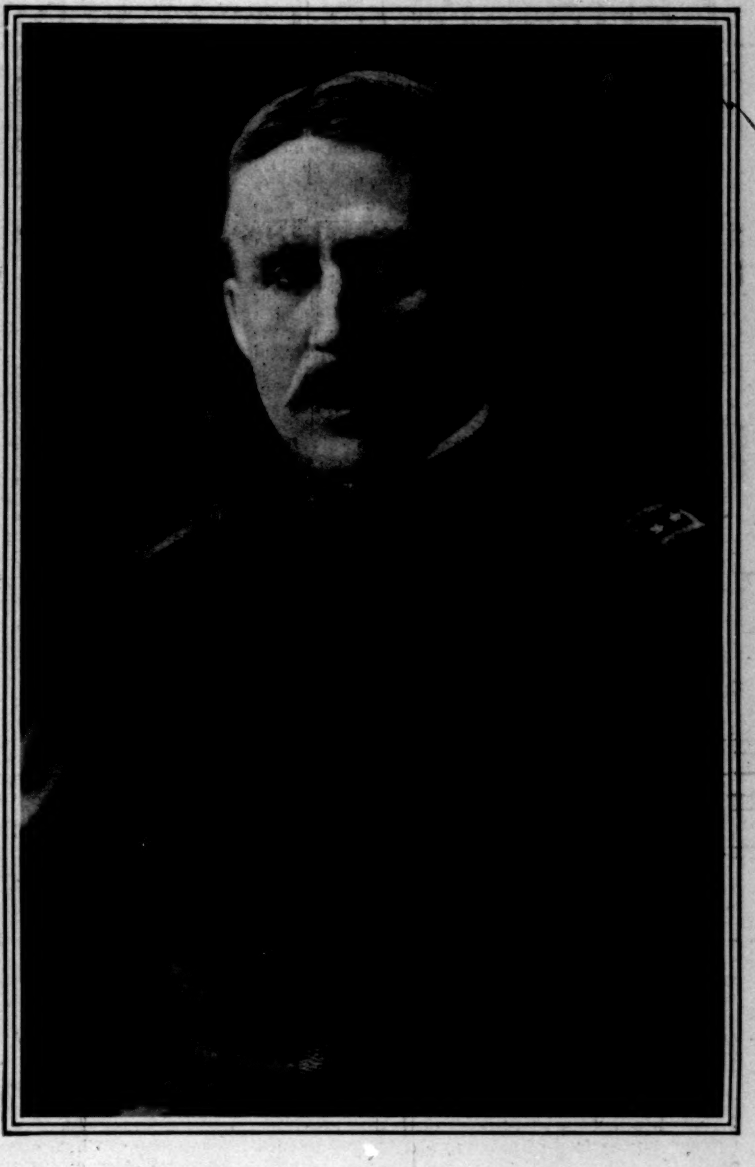

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As for *Jane* (Miss Mary Mannering) and her manœuvres, no less a moral authority than the New York *Sun* has found them shocking, asserting that there is not a sympathetic character in the play. This is one of the few occasions, I take it, in which the ordinary theatregoer will not find it possible to rise to the moral altitude of the *Sun*. It is true that her manœuvres are wild and eccentric. Her father, an old chap, that stands to her in much the same relationship as *Sir Anthony Absolute* to *Captain Absolute*, is wilfully determined that she shall marry an idiotic *Lord Bapchild*, and she is as wilfully determined that she will marry the young gentleman of poor estate whom she happens to love. The play is occupied with the manœuvres by which she manages to palm off her companion, *Constantia Gage* (Miss Elizabeth Tyree), upon *Lord Bapchild* (Mr. Ferdinand Gottschalk), and to escape herself with her lover. During these manœuvres she resorts to all the artifices, petty and grand, that are known to the feminine mind, even pretending to like *Lord Bapchild;* but the part is so written that somehow or other the audience never loses sympathy. *Jane* is the incarnation of all that is wild, impulsive, and delightful in the modern boarding-school girl. She has a native freshness and vigor of impulse that delight one from the beginning to the end of the play. One does not *a priori* approve of a girl who is expelled from school after school, and who flagrantly disobeys all her father's injunctions; but to the ordinary mind there is a delight that cannot be recorded in the deportment-book of the schoolmistress. On one occasion, when *Jane* reminds her moralizing father of a certain little girl in a glove-shop, she is irresistible. No one but a nineteenth-century maiden could rise to anything so deliciously audacious and apropos. *Jane's* companion, *Miss Gage*, who has something more than the usual British coldness and practicality in affairs matrimonial, is manœuvring, under *Jane's* able guidance, to get the idiotic *Lord Bapchild* for her own. Here again a certain ponderous British good sense keeps the situation from being disagreeable. It is quite evident that she could never care much more for anybody than she does for *Lord Bapchild*, which is not at all; and that nobody else could possibly manage him more adroitly for his own good and the good of the household. The crucial scene in this truly British romance occurs when they are carried out to sea and spend the whole night in a small boat. *Lord Bapchild* does not thoroughly thaw out until his assistance is required in putting up *Miss Gage's* back hair—then his idiotic joy is extreme. One is tempted to say that Mr. Gottschalk's impersonation of *Lord Bapchild* is the best thing he has done. Nothing could be more absurd, even fantastic. He is a preposterous prig, and when he has a cold after his night in the boat, he blows his nose by the hour; yet never for a moment is one allowed to forget that he is a gentleman, or rather a nobleman. Generations of the wine of English breeding have evaporated to mere dregs in his grotesque carcass. It must be evident by this time that the play is concerned with something more—or less, if you will—than the mere study of character. Mr. Jones calls it a comedy, and so we may call it, out of courtesy, but it is to be classed not so much with the other comedies of Mr. Jones and Mr. Pinero as with the comedies of a century earlier—Sheridan, in short.

Mr. Carton's "Wheels Within Wheels" is equally far from the spirit of latter-day naturalistic comedy, but in quite a different direction. Even more than "Lord and Lady Algy" it is an extravaganza of horsy English manners. The characters are imagined with childlike feeling for contrasts, and with a delightful irrelevance that suggests Stevenson in his most fantastic work, but there is this difference, that whereas Stevenson's people would be unknown or unrelated to one another, Mr. Carton's are bound together by friendships and closer intimacies that seem little short of impossible. There is a most excellent "bounder," *James Blagden* (Mr. Robert Hilliard), for instance, who steams with the odor of the stables, and is redolent of a sort of Cockney *demi-monde;* and then there is *Lady Algy* herself again. The *Hon. Mrs. Onslow Bulmer* (Miss Hilda Spong), who is full of a racy good comradeship and good sense, and whose very unconventionality has a refinement that belongs to the part.

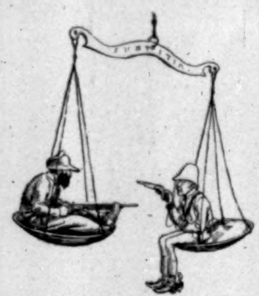
A large part of the plot hinges on the fact that *Mrs. Bulmer* has promised to marry her raging cockney, "sometime, perhaps," but why she should ever have done so is less clear than the reason why two such good people as *Lord* and *Lady Algy* ever became separated; and there are the people who have affiliations with *Blagden*, who seem equally to belong to an alien world. Added to this jumble of characters there is a similar improbable entanglement in the plot—the wheels within wheels of the title—the sum and substance of which is that *Mrs. Bulmer* is at inconceivable pains to risk her own good name—in fact, to compromise it to save the reputation of a prig of a brother and an idiot of a sister-in-law. In a word, there is a rehandling of the theme which is common to "Lord and Lady Algy" and to the "Liars." All this is not to say that the play lacks charm and diversion. The boundings of *Blagden* are an incessant joy, and *Mrs. Bulmer's* reputable lover, *Lord Eric* (Mr. John Mason), is an unusually well-drawn character, acted with unusual conviction and charm. As for *Lady Algy-Bulmer*, her clear-cut comradely charm is unimpaired, and is well interpreted by Miss Spong. That alone will insure the play prosperity with its audiences.

JOHN CORBIN.

THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

WHOM do we want to see win, Boer or Briton?

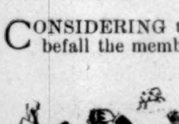
The average American does not take sides in the Transvaal war. He is a neutral—not from choice, but because a conflict of sympathies makes him so. He would hate to fight on either side, because of his sympathy for the other. A reverse to British arms so serious as to cripple British prestige would seem a very grave matter to him, for he is in great measure a believer in British ideals; and the British civilization, being that most like his own, seems to him to be, except his own, the most precious and commendable. But the Boer, fighting gallantly for Boer rule in Boer land, moves him strongly. He cannot but be stirred with sympathy when, for a moment, the under dog gets on top, and demonstrates by successful valor his right to his own. He will tell you, if you corner him, that though his sympathies are divided, his judgment is that we should hope for the final success of the combatant whose victory will most promote liberty and order in the earth. That combatant seems to him to be the Briton, who is, according to his ideas, a far more efficient civilizer than the Boer. The Boer, with all his sturdiness, has been a laggard. He will not do much towards the development of the continent of Africa except as outside forces constrain him. Such wealth as he has come to have has been largely forced upon him. By taste and by choice he is primitive and unneighborly. With all his queer piety, with all his grit and resolution, he ought not to be a barrier to the development of Africa. He loves liberty, but his notion of liberty has been to go his own gait and not to be bothered with progress.



The Briton loves liberty too, but his notion of liberty is permission to the other fellow to live freely according to British ideals. There are no better ideals—for the British. The Briton loves civilization, but his best friend will hardly deny that he loves it, as our politicians say, for what there is in it for him. He thrives on it. He gets rich on it. It gives every man a chance according to his ability, and the Briton's ability being excellent, his chance is good, and he improves it. When it opens up land to private ownership, the Briton usually buys the land cheap, and holds it, or sells it dear. So with the gold, the diamonds, the coal, the railroads, the telegraphs; they are profitable to the country, but most profitable to the progressive Briton who develops the country, and to his cousin the American, who is even more alert than himself, and just as fond of progress, and for just as good reasons.

Perhaps this war in South Africa, which we watch with feelings so mixed, will turn out better than we hope. Folks who fight as hard as the Boers and the British are fighting are apt to acquire increased respect for one another. If the Boers had been more contemporaneous and the British more patient and less greedy there might have been no fighting. Possibly there may be virtue enough in blood-spilling and hard knocks to bring these strong people closer together, teaching one side that the richest gold-mines in the earth may cost too dear, and teaching the other side, what our war of last year taught, that the world moves irresistibly, and that no white people on earth can afford to stand still, or can hope to maintain the eighteenth-century habits and prejudices of their forebears while the twentieth century is dawning. Meanwhile it cannot be said that, in the estimation of Americans, familiarity with the British case improves it. Against our wills, the opinion has grown in many of us that the war on the part of the British is a war of ambition, and on the part of the Boers a war of patriotism and defence. Those of us who are not content with this opinion can only hope that there is a point of view which we have not got, or that we have not assimilated all the information necessary to the formation of sound conclusions.

CONSIDERING the number of serious accidents that befall the members of the Meadow Brook Hunt on Long Island, it seems somewhat surprising that the members of the hunt, who are well-to-do persons, do not introduce a few carloads of rotten rails into the country they ride over. Nothing sounds sweeter in the hunterman's ears than the crash of a top rail under the legs of a tired horse. It means that he will probably get over alive. If the horse knows his business, and is not too tired, he won't break the rail. If he does break it, the damage is worth many times its cost.



A NEGRO criminal, named Coleman, was roasted to death on December 6 at Maysville, Kentucky, under circumstances which are trying to newspaper readers in the North. Hasty judgment in these occurrences is deprecated by members of the communities where they occur, but the utmost tolerance of customs due to special conditions and actions incited by peculiar circumstances seems not inconsistent with an expression of profound regret that the Maysville people did not permit their justice to take some less revolting course. The commission of a horrible crime by a negro does not warrant the white people of the neighborhood in savage and unlawful orgies of retribution. All that it was possible to say on this subject was said anent the case of Sam Hose. It cannot all be said over again so soon. This burning at Maysville is the second within two months. On October 20 a negro named Leflore, who had murdered a woman and four children, was burned at St. Anne, Mississippi. Neither in his case nor in that of Coleman does there seem to have been reasonable doubt of the guilt of the men burned. Both negroes are said to have confessed their crimes.

SAM PATCH'S immortal sentiment, "Some things can be done as well as others," seems to have been shared by the trustees of the Boston Art Museum, who have announced that they have bought land in a place called the Back Bay Fens, whereon they propose to build a new house for the museum's treasures, vacating in due time their present building in Copley Square, which they will sell. It will be recalled how, not long since, the earth swayed and the firmament dropped stars over the fight to limit the height of buildings on Boston's Copley Square and preserve its beauty. The Westminster apartment-house threatened to rise so high as to dwarf Trinity Church and prejudice the seemliness of the Public Library. The Art Museum, which is a near neighbor of the Westminster edifice, declared that if the new building attained the height planned the chances of its burning up would make the museum an unsafe repository for priceless treasures of art. A law was passed restraining the Westminster's altitude, but permitting its architectural ornaments to rise above the prescribed height. Under pretence of ornament, the builders added a top story exceeding the limit prescribed by the ordinance. Seeing that the law had failed them, the museum people got their backs up and took the action stated.

The Back Bay Fens are about a mile from Copley Square, and, in spite of the implication of bogginess, mosquitoes, and malaria which goes with their name, are said to be pleasant and salubrious when you get to them. In the new location the museum will have room enough for a detached building safely removed from all hazardous neighbors, and in the end the move will probably be advantageous.

DR. JAMES B. DUNN, secretary of the National Temperance Society, in speaking, on December 10, of the evils of the army canteen, declared that the agents of his society found that in the volunteer camps last year "Christian young men, many of whom had never desired to use liquor, were detailed as bartenders in the canteens, and that their refusal to act as barkeepers would put them in the guard-house." Under the present law, as construed, soldiers cannot be detailed to tend bar in canteens, so that evil cannot recur.

The National Temperance Society seems to have formed its opinion of the army canteen from its workings in the volunteer camps. It usually worked badly there, and there is little doubt that at Chickamauga and most volunteer camps the canteens were a nuisance. In the regular army the canteen, as part of the post exchange, is not a nuisance, but promotes temperance and order. It seems a sore pity that the temperance societies cannot be content with abolishing the evils of the canteen system—which has already been done—and let the merits alone. If it made for drunkenness in the volunteer camps, out with it so far as volunteers are concerned! But in the regular army it promotes temperance and order, and should be retained. So says Secretary Root in his report; so say about ninety-five per cent. of the officers of the army.

Dr. Dunn praises Secretary Long, "who by a stroke of his pen stopped the sale of liquor on war-ships (in port) and in navy-yards." That was a comparatively small matter, nevertheless one would like to know what has been the effect of Mr. Long's order, and whether men-of-war's men in port are more, or less, drunken in consequence of it.

A RECENT issue of the Elkhart (Indiana) *Review* speaks of the return to the town of Mr. W. B. Vanderlip, Jr., who has just come back from northeastern Siberia, where he went at the head of a party of explorers. He relates, according to the *Review*, that the steamer he chartered at Vladivostok was wrecked on Saghalin Island, and the party had to wait for another. Their books were lost, except one Bible. For sixteen months Mr. Vanderlip had nothing to read but that Bible, but "in a hut on the shores of the Bering Sea he found pages of an old American paper pasted on the ceiling, and this furnished a diversion, which was paid for by a sore stiff neck." The paper had been left by a whaling crew. It is interesting to learn that it was HARPER'S WEEKLY, upon the distribution of which it is evident the sun never sets.

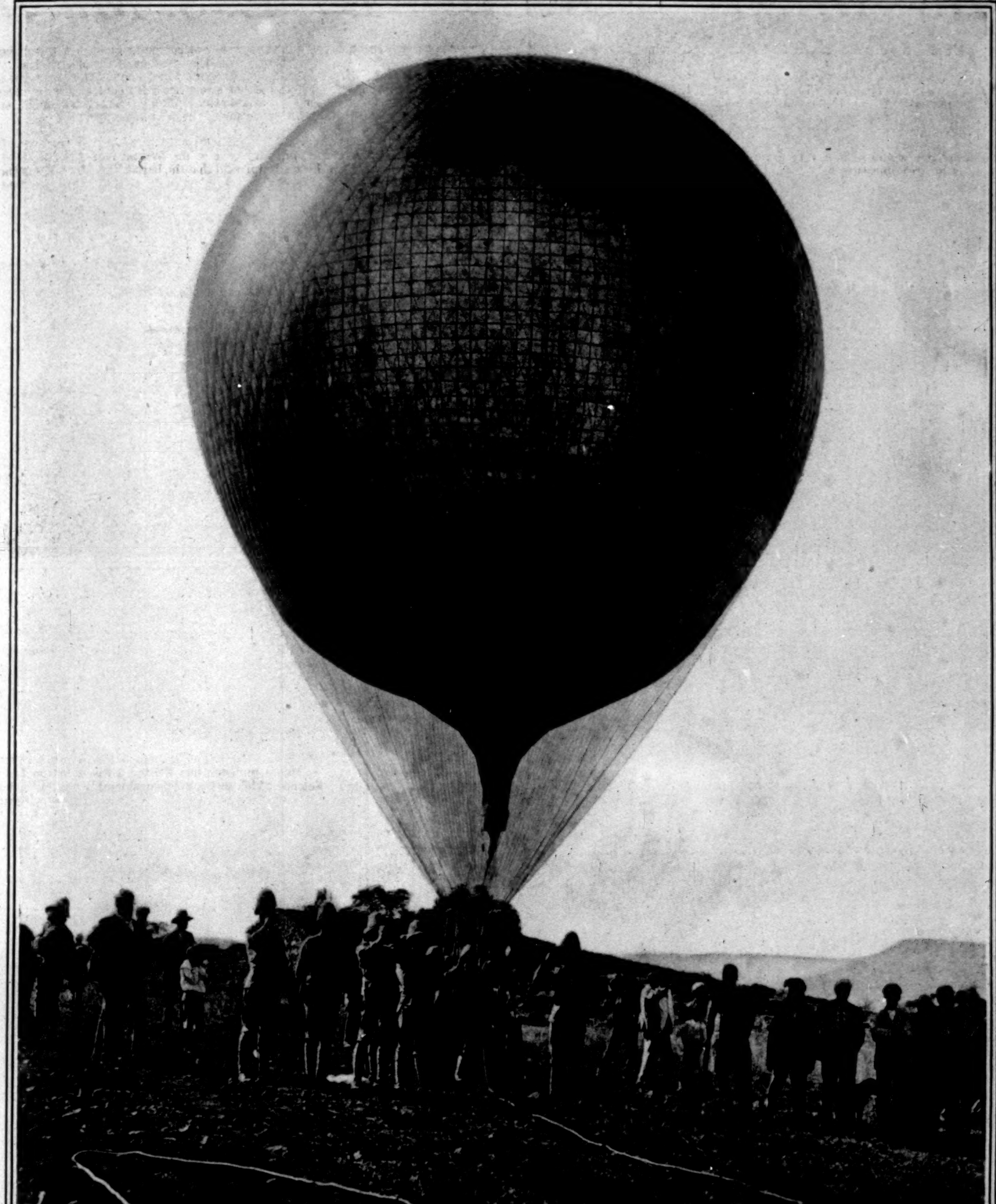
PROFESSOR J. LAURENCE LAUGHLIN, of the University of Chicago, seems to be a stubborn man, careless of the direction of the wind, and indifferent to unmistakable evidences of popular sentiment. He will be remembered as an advocate of sound money, and as more recently a vigorous opponent of what its foes call imperialism. Chicago University beat Brown at football on Thanksgiving day, and the students felt that they needed all of the day following for purposes of jubilation. They got some sort of endorsement of their wishes from President Harper, but some of the professors met their classes all the same. Feeling instruction on that day to be inexpedient, some hundreds of students went in a body from class-room to class-room and closed the exercises in each, until they came to where Professor Laughlin was giving instruction in political economy. He declined to be dismissed, and it was necessary to mob him, with a consequence, as announced on December 12, that two students are suspended for six months, pending an apology to the professor.

ANOTHER matter which has punched up the sleeping lion in Boston is the question of street-car tracks on Tremont Street. The famous Boston Subway, pattern for all subways, was constructed at great cost to relieve Tremont Street from the presence of the electric cars. Consequently the proposal to let some of the cars recur to the surface on that street has been contested with exceeding fervor. The matter is likely to be settled for the present before this issue of the WEEKLY appears.

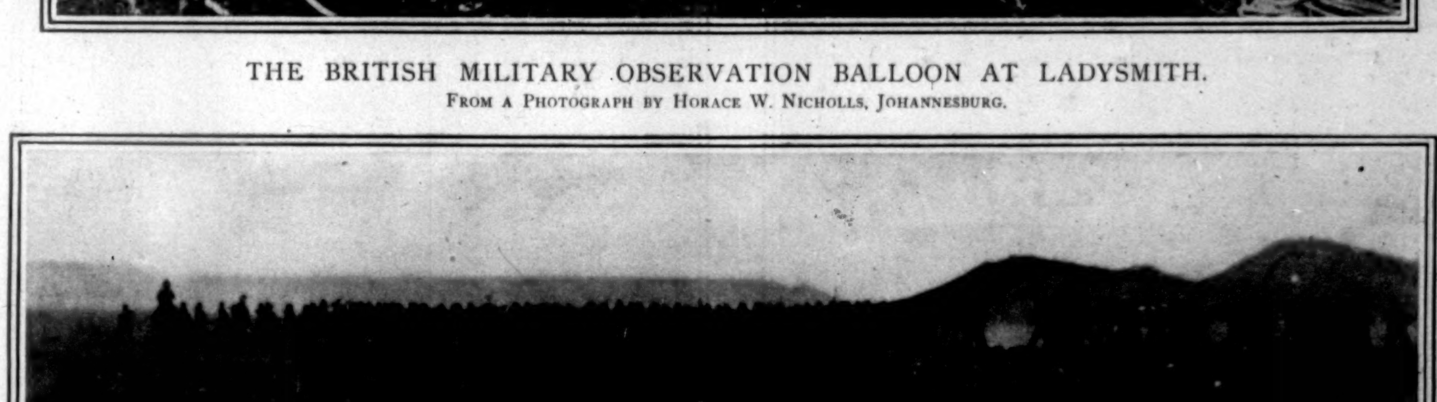
IN a short letter written soon after landing at Cape Town, and published in the WEEKLY of November 25, Mr. Lester Ralph said that the barbarities of the Boers shocked even their blood-relations in the Cape Colony; that they were stripping and robbing all fugitives who passed them on their way to English ports, stripping women, seizing the earnings of negroes discharged from the diamond-mines, whipping those who afforded no spoils, and perpetrating unmentionable outrages.

Some readers of the WEEKLY have protested against these statements, and say it is impossible that the Boers should have done such things. Mr. Ralph evidently wrote at short notice what he heard at Cape Town. Presumably he had sufficient grounds for believing what was told him. It is impossible as yet to verify what he has said. Even if his reports are true, they are not in accord with other information as to the general behavior of the Boers. Very ugly things happen in war. Many of the Boers are rude men, not much affected by the influences of contemporary civilization, and Boer discipline, being the discipline of raw levies, is doubtless lax. We all know enough, however, about Boer behavior now to believe that the African Dutchmen give their war-prisoners decent treatment, and that their warfare is not barbarous. It is said that they have made treacherous use of flags of truce, and that assertion has not been successfully upset. It is probable that the behavior of every squad or command of Boers depends upon its commander and the men who comprise it, and commands and commanders doubtless differ very much. Our London contemporaries nowadays are speaking of the Boers with great respect, praising both their valor and their mercy. The harder they fight, the better the British speak of them, and that is creditable to both sides.

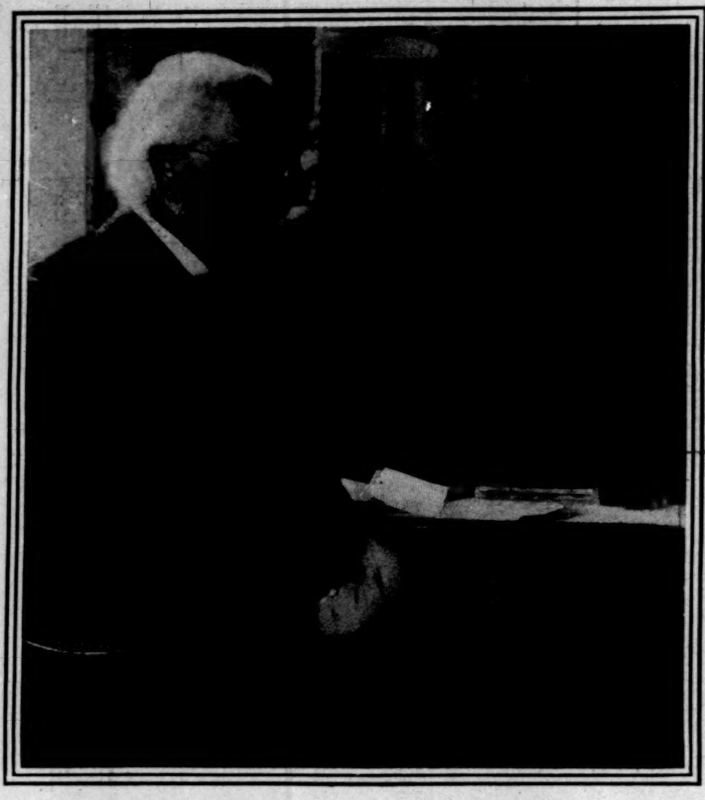
THE Rev. Dr. Oliver Huckel, of Baltimore, a Congregational minister, has written a discourse on Christian Science which seems to be considerably more illuminating than most writings on that subject. The practical question that interests most persons who know or care anything about Christian Science is, How much is there in it? and especially, How much is there in its system of cure? and how far may that system be trusted? A good many persons hold that there is nothing in Christian Science that is of any value. They like to begin by saying that it is neither Christian nor scientific, and they usually proceed to demonstrate that in so far as it meddles with the cure of diseases it ought to be stamped out by legal process. That is by no means the spirit in which Dr. Huckel approaches his subject. He finds in Mrs. Eddy's book many absurdities, and makes light of many of her pretensions, but he thinks her devout, spiritual, clever, and sincere, and finds some good religion and some good philosophy in her book. In her method of cure he finds an attempt to make methodical application of two important forces—the healing power of nature, and the influence of the mind over bodily functions. The *vis medicatrix naturæ*, as we all know, is what makes most cures that happen, whether medicine intervenes or not. The power of the mind over the body is an exceedingly important force in medicine, producing important results in many cases, and marvellous ones in some. Christian Scientists, Dr. Huckel thinks, use hypnotic suggestion, and cure by that means, or merely by giving nature a chance, when they cure at all. But he says that only about one person in ten is a hypnotic subject, and accordingly a good subject for Christian Science treatment. Through other agencies cures are also wrought by suggestion, as by Indian medicine-men, Roman Catholic shrines, popular superstitions (as the royal touch for king's-evil), some patent medicines, and the various faith-healers and mind-curers; but all these agencies, Dr. Huckel says, work about the same percentage of cures, and are limited to the same line of diseases. They do well in about fifteen per cent. more or less of their cases, and the diseases which they treat successfully include various forms of nervous disease (which frequently simulate symptoms of heart-disease or consumption), also some functional diseases or diseases of the circulatory system, paralysis, rheumatism, tumors, but not cancer, nor congenital blindness or deafness. A great fault that Dr. Huckel finds with Christian Science is that it does not recognize its own limitations, but curing in some cases argues that it ought to cure in all, and is ready to undertake pneumonia, diphtheria, typhoid fever, small-pox, or anything that comes along. Dr. Huckel's opinion, therefore, of Christian science as a means of healing is that it is useful to about one person in ten as a means of treating a limited number of diseases. What is good in its religious doctrines he finds is preached in many Christian churches. He thinks that both doctors and ministers can learn something about their business from Christian Science, and that, though the movement will have its day and pass, it will make its contribution both to science and religion. That, so far as science is concerned, has been very much the conclusion of Professor William James, of Harvard, who has persistently argued against all medical attempts to stifle Christian Science by law, maintaining that its developments are too interesting and too valuable to be suppressed.



THE BRITISH MILITARY OBSERVATION BALLOON AT LADYSMITH.
From a Photograph by Horace W. Nicholls, Johannesburg.



THE KING'S OWN YORKSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY DRILLING NEAR DE AAR.
From a Photograph by Lester Ralph.



SENATOR HOAR IN HIS COMMITTEE-ROOM.
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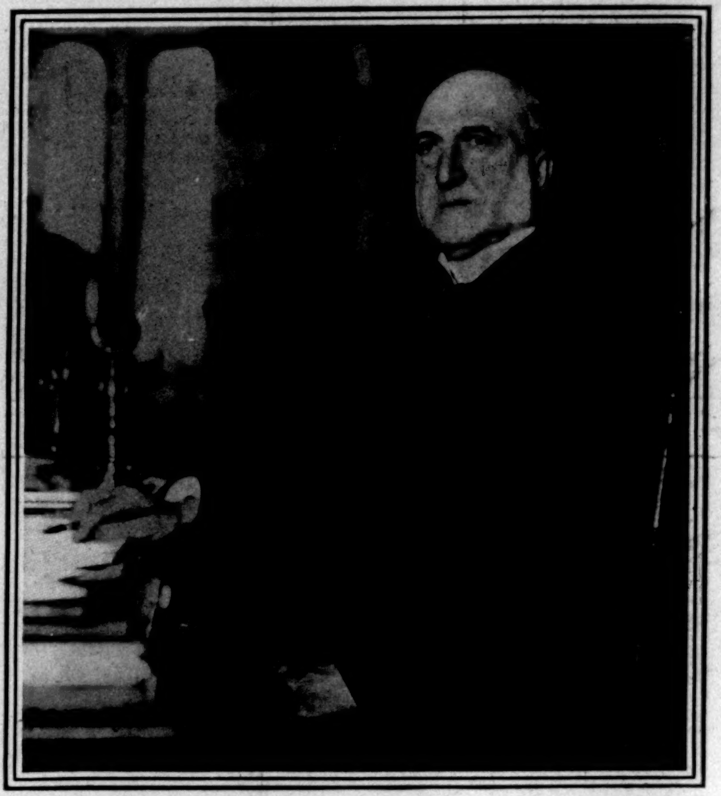

SENATOR DEPEW IN HIS LIBRARY AT WASHINGTON.
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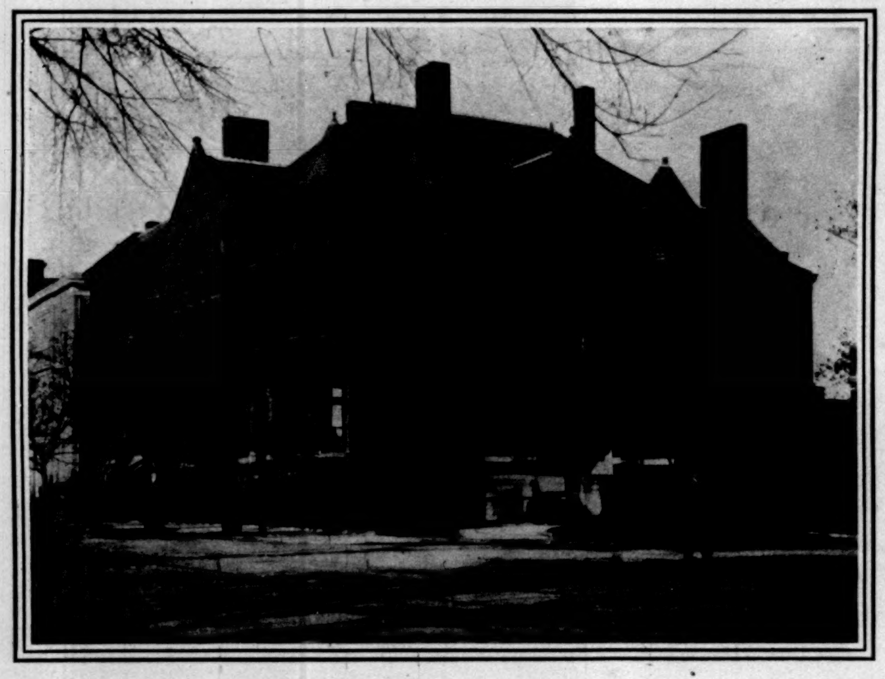
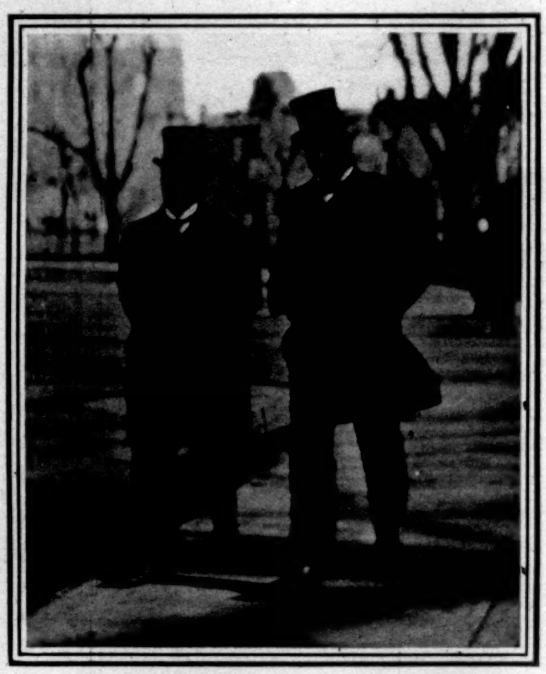
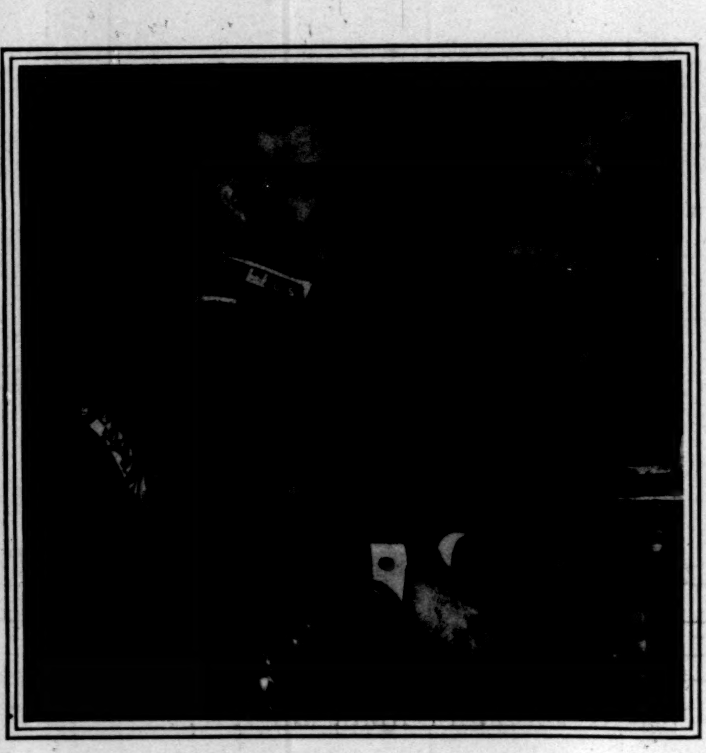


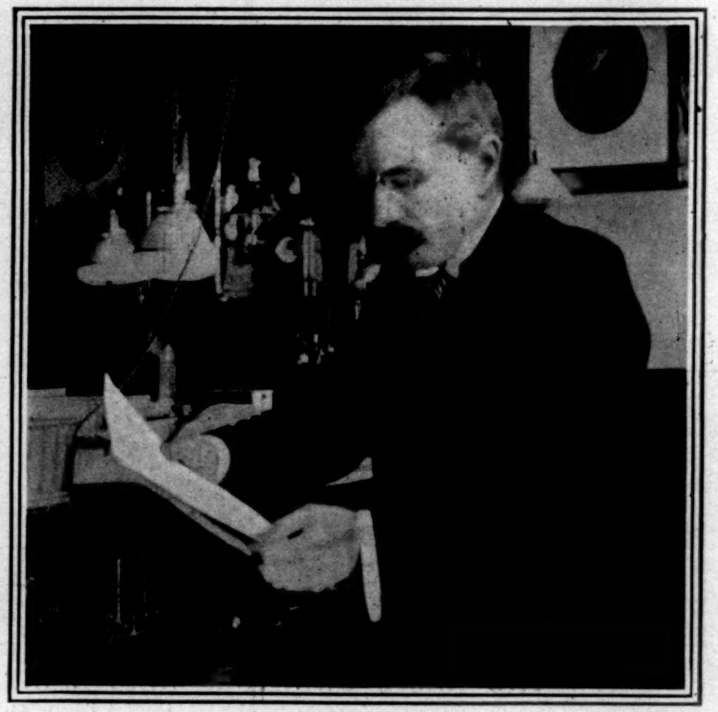
SECRETARY HAY'S HOME IN WASHINGTON.



PRESIDENT McKINLEY AND ASSISTANT SECRETARY-OF-WAR MEIKLEJOHN.



COLONEL THEODORE BINGHAM,
Designer of the Plans for the Enlargement of the White House.



ASSISTANT SECRETARY CORTELYOU IN HIS OFFICE IN THE EXECUTIVE MANSION.

AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.—[SEE PAGE 1309.]

WHILE DESMOND MADE UP HIS COMRADES INTO FILIPINOS, LIEUTENANT FARLEY GOT OUT THE COSTUMES.

THE CAPTURE OF AGUINALDO.

By Duffield Osborne

SEVERAL curious commentaries have been written at different times, showing just how little most people know of what is happening or has happened; nor are the conditions dissimilar even in these days of newspapers and correspondents and telegraphs, when we have come to consider our information most accurate and complete. A few, a very few, know the truth and the whole truth; the rest of us only think we do, and argue, and praise and condemn our statesmen and soldiers just as if we were not supremely ignorant of the vital facts and the arguments that have dictated their actions. Often, in the history of the world, the truth has been such that it can never be revealed, even to the most remote posterity; sometimes, as in the case of the much-disputed Venezuela message, the real story may leak out at some not very distant time; while again, as in the present instance, all may be safely made public, and is bound to be, when the reasons which dictated the policy of concealment have ceased to exist. The rebellion in Luzon is practically over, Aguinaldo is “a prisoner,” and I am merely telling a story which another might tell to-morrow or the next day or the next.

We all applauded when Wheaton set sail for the Gulf of Lingayen; we applauded his successful landing on November 7, and his advance and pursuit of the strangely evanescent Aguinaldo. Perhaps some of us wondered at the trifling resistance he encountered, and at the sudden melting away of an organized rebellion which had been supposed to dominate nine-tenths of the island. How many of us, though, noted, much less recall, certain apparently unimportant cablegrams, already dusty in the files of the newspaper offices? For instance:

“*Special Cable Despatch, Manila, October 24.*—Some anxiety is felt concerning the fate of Lieutenant Farley of the Marine Corps and four privates. Lieutenant Farley volunteered to lead a scouting party, which started on October 16, since when no news of him has been received.”

“*Special Cable Despatch, Manila, October 25.*—There is still no news of Lieutenant Farley, and the gravest apprehension is felt at headquarters. It is understood that the service upon which he volunteered was one of great difficulty and peril, and entirely of his own suggestion. General Otis had little hope of a successful outcome, and only yielded to Farley's eagerness and confidence. Yesterday's cable was in error in stating that the missing officer was of the Marine Corps. He is John B. Farley, First Lieutenant Twentieth Infantry. The men with him are Sergeant Michael Prosky and Privates T. Smith and Evans of Twentieth Infantry, and Corporal Wyllys Desmond of the Marine Corps. All were specially selected by Farley for the service.”

“*Special Cable Despatch, Manila, October 27.*—Lieutenant Farley and his men have been practically given up. Wyllys Desmond may be remembered by New-Yorkers as a comedian of some ability, who left the Eighteenth Street Theatre Company and enlisted, in a fit of disgust because his short stature stood in the way of his ambition to take serious parts. Prosky is a Pole, and is noted in the army for his ability as a linguist. He speaks Tagalog like a native.”

So much for these; and then there was a *private* message that was sent October 28 to Lieutenant Farley's mother. Of course you are familiar with the cablegrams, along the last of October and the first of November, which told of the sudden preparations for Wheaton's expedition, but, naturally, you are not familiar with a letter received a few days since by a friend of Wyllys Desmond, which reads as follows:

“MANILA, *October 15, 1899.*

“DEAR TIM,—Well, I've volunteered for some sort of wild scrape. Things have been pretty slow of late, and this may give me something to write about, if I don't go under. It was like this:

“I was smoking my pipe by the barracks gate, when I saw Captain Murray of the Corps come along with another officer, and I noted that the duck was a First Lieutenant of infantry, and that he looked just like any other Lieutenant of infantry, except that he had a square cut to his jaw, and that his mouth shut tight when he wasn't talking.

“‘This is the fellow,’ I heard the Captain saying (meaning me). ‘Take him if you want him, and good riddance.’

“Then the strange Lieutenant asked something else, in a low voice, and the Cap. said:

“‘Sandy enough—oh yes! There's nothing the matter with his sand.’

“With that Lieutenant Farley—for that's who it was—walked up to me, and I stood up and saluted, and he looked me over good and careful, and said,

“‘They tell me you've been on the stage, my man.’

“‘Yes, sir,’ said I; ‘eight years, leading comedy parts.’

“‘Understand all about make-ups?’ said he.

“‘Yes, sir. All there is to know,’ said I.

“‘Do you want to volunteer for a dangerous service?—about a one-to-three chance, and worth it?’ said he.

“‘Yes, sir,’ said I, without thinking. Then I began to think, and I'm not sure I'd have said it if I'd thought first; but once out, there was no help. I'd not have crawled if it had been a one-to-ten chance.

“‘Good,’ said he, smiling. ‘Come to my quarters at seven to-night.’

“I looked at the Cap., and he nodded, and said: ‘Indefinite leave on special detail. Report to Lieutenant Farley and obey his orders.’

“‘By-the-bye,’ said the Lieutenant, as he turned to go, ‘how long would it take you to make a good Filipino out of a white man, or a white man out of a Filipino?’

“‘All over, sir?’ said I.

“‘Yes, put it that way,’ said he, ‘and so he won't crock.’

“‘Maybe an hour,’ said I, ‘if I had the right things.’

“‘Get them and bring them with you to-night,’ says he. ‘There must be plenty of theatre supplies in Manila. Will twenty dollars be enough to get the make-up stuff for six each way—without the clothes or the wigs?’

“‘Plenty, sir,’ said I. And he gave me the money, saying:

“‘Some friends of mine are getting up private theatricals—see? That's all you know about it.’

“So he went off with the Cap., and I set to wondering just how much of a fool I'd been. You see, the part begins to look like a spying act, and that means more than straight dying. It means hanging, with a few Malay extras thrown in. But I've contracted to go, and I'm stuck for it, so good-by, and good luck to you, old man, if you don't hear of me again. If you do, maybe it'll be as major-general, and then again maybe it won't.

Your friend, WYLLYS.”

And now I am going to tell you the story of Wyllys Desmond, as nearly in his own language as possible, and taking it up where the letter leaves off. You may believe it or disbelieve it, or test it and prove it, just as you please.

“Well, I had no trouble to get the grease, paints, and brushes and things, and I reported on time,” said he, “and ‘his Straps’ looked over the stuff, and asked a few questions that showed he wasn't dead green, and before he got through in came three other fellows—an infantry sergeant named Prosky and two doughboys named Smith and Evans—all little chaps like me—no bigger than good-sized natives—and I began to twig one reason why he'd lit on us. ‘His Straps,’ though, was lanky, and a head over any nigger I ever saw, and I got kind of chewing on that a bit, and wondering whether he was just going to send *us* off to get our necks twisted, while he staid back and gave orders, and took all the credit and none of the danger. The thought gritted on me good and hard, for I knew mighty well I couldn't make any Filipino that would pass muster out of him.

“‘Well, boys,’ he said, when we all got in, ‘here are your kits. We're off!’—just as sudden as that; and we took up the knapsacks and bundles and weapons and followed him out, and hiked along down the street and out into the country and through the lines, till a little after midnight. Then we struck an empty Filipino shack, and we rolled in and went to sleep. Only Mr. Farley sat up, near the door, with his sword and revolver on his knees, and watched out into the night. He didn't seem a bit like a lie-down officer, but how he ever expected to be cast for a nigger was what stuck in my crop.

“He had us up bright and early next day, looking out over the jungle and rice-swamps—mean country sure enough.

“‘Desmond,’ he said to me, just as soon as we'd had breakfast—no coffee, mind you, or anything we'd have to cook—‘Desmond, now's the time to get in your fine work. Here are four men to be made up into Filipinos.’

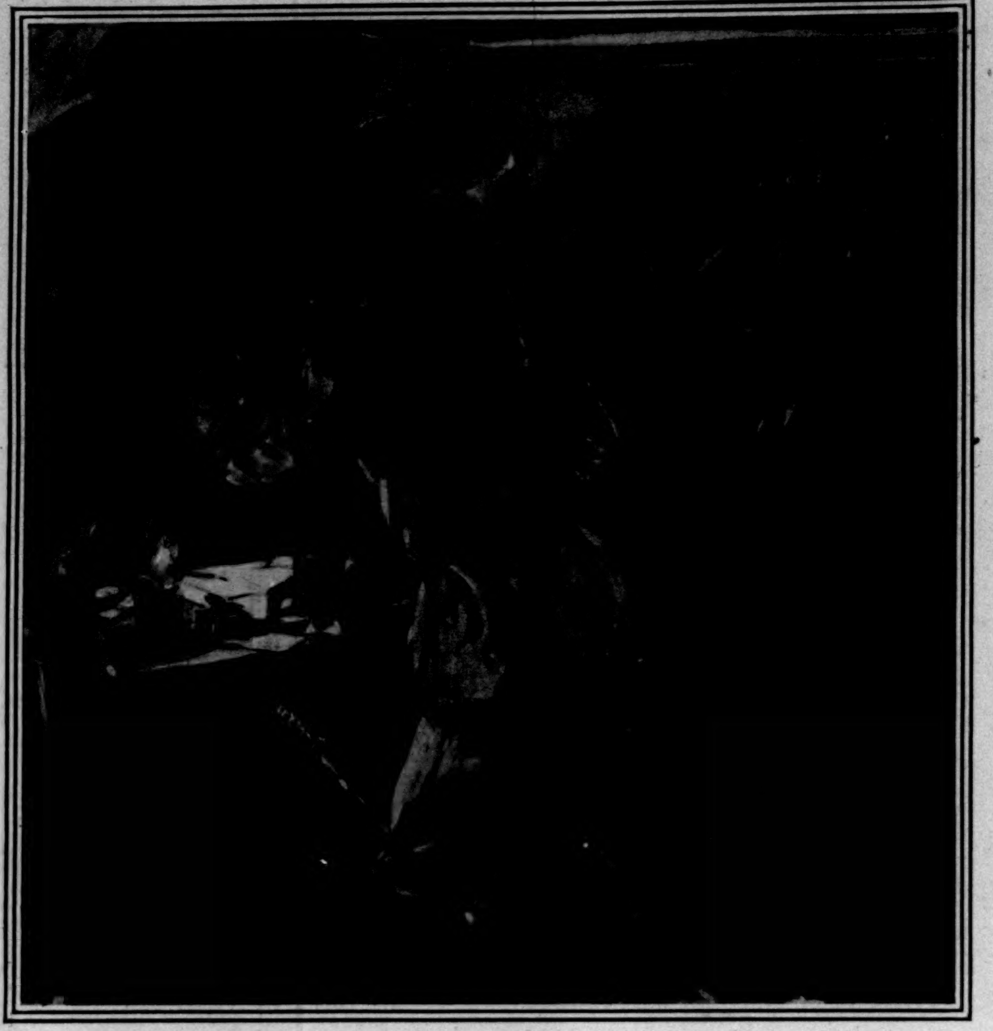
“‘Beg pardon, sir,’ said I, ‘but you didn't ask me about making *you* up. I'm afraid—’

“‘You're not to make me up until I tell you to,’ he said, a bit short. ‘Aren't there four of *you* that are enough of sawed-offs?’

“‘Yes, sir; I beg pardon,’ said I. But I felt sour when I set to work, making sure we were to go it alone from that on.

“Meanwhile he was getting the costumes out of the bundles—four of them, three striped and one amigo rig, and four nasty-looking bolos, and a musket with half the barrel bitten off, and an old horse-pistol; and after we were good and well made up, he came back and looked the job over, and laughed, and nodded his head. It *was* a good job, if I do say it; but, mind you, I was feeling sorer and sorer all the time.

“‘Now, boys,’ said he, ‘now that Desmond's made you the right thing and you're dressed *and* armed, just tuck these revolvers under your clothes. Perhaps you'll need



LIEUTENANT FARLEY HAD AGUINALDO BY THE THROAT.

them; and perhaps you won't, but I'm afraid your bolo practice isn't up to champion form, if we *should* have to fight.'

"So we took the revolvers and a handful of cartridges apiece, and I couldn't help thinking what a decent-spoken man he was for a skulker.

"'Tenshun!' said he then, and we straightened up. 'And now, my men, I'm Lieutenant Farley, U. S. A., and your prisoner. You caught me outside the lines and tied my hands behind my back, taking my sword and revolver, and you're carrying me straight to General Aguinaldo—see?'

"He stopped a minute to let that sink in; for we couldn't open our ears quite as wide as we could our mouths and eyes.

"'Desmond's an amigo,' he went on, 'and he and Smith and Evans don't belong to the same tribe as any one we meet. That's why they keep still. Prosky's a Tagal, and it's his talk that carries us through or leaves us fruit for trees. *I* talk English, which none of you understands; but you want to obey my orders just the same as if you did,' and Mr. Farley kind of grinned.

"I didn't twig what he was driving at yet, but I saw now that he was going with us all right, and I kicked myself hard for the rough thoughts I'd had about him.

"'I think that's all I've got to say now,' says he, looking sideways, as if he was casting it up in his mind. 'We're going straight to Tarlac, where, I understand, Aguinaldo is. If he's *not* there, we're going on till we find him. Mind you, I'm an important prisoner, whom it is absolutely necessary for him to see and examine at the very earliest opportunity; so you've brought me all the way from—Manila. Naturally, you don't know any passwords or countersigns. The story hangs together all right, and it ought to go. If it doesn't—well, I'll give orders as if I was asking questions or favors or something, and we'll do the best we can.'

"We'd gotten over our surprise by this time, and were grinning like so many Chessy cats—part because the thing struck us as funny, and part to hide our excitement; for we could see fast enough that 'his Straps' had something big up his sleeve. Prosky was solemn, though, not being a born American, and he went to work in a matter-of-fact way to tie the prisoner's hands behind his back and gather in his sword and revolver. Of course Mr. Farley had another gun under his clothes all right. Then we struck off through the jungle and made a day of it.

"Well, sir, the next days were just jungle and rice-swamp, and hot and muddy, and raining bucketfuls, but our colors stuck first rate. I'd worked a little invention of my own on the make-ups, surmising it might wash a bit better than the regular thing. Second day out we saw a few amigos at long range. The amigos saw us, too, which was one reason why we didn't see them closer. An amigo out here seems to be just a plain duffer, who hasn't an amigo in the world, and who wears his shirt outside his breeches.

"The second day out, I think it was, we were held up for the first time by a gang of armed rebels, and had a chance to try our disguises and Prosky's talk on them. Maybe I didn't have a bad dose of stage-fright at first! but everything went swimmingly.

"Prosky's talk went all right, I say, only the other chaps wanted to take 'his Straps' off our hands and get the credit of the capture. Of course we'd have had to fight them first, but luckily it didn't come to that.

"Well, sir, we felt pretty chipper over our first-night hit. If it *was* only a bone to the dogs, our costumes and lines and business had caught on big, and, what's more, we'd found out that we were on the correct route, and that Aguinaldo was really at Tarlac, with his gold whistle and all the rest of *his* material. It was like we were all in the profession together and were out for founding a lodge of Elks. I tell you, sir, it stiffens up a company amazingly—a good first night. After that we played to full houses every day, with everybody friendly except the amigos. Congratulations piled in on all sides.

"It was seven days out before we got our big news that Tarlac was only half a day's march ahead. You see, we didn't want any word of our coming to get before us, so we got a gait on ourselves, and it didn't. Besides, we wanted to strike the lines just at nightfall, so it would be dark when we took our prisoner in, and so we could have just as much dark as possible afterward.

"We fetched it with about an hour to spare, and lay by and got our final orders in sight of their outposts, and—well, sir, it's all truth, they clean took my breath away. You know—now—all about it, but you can guess, maybe, how big it looked then, and poor Evans he mumbled something about our all going to be the biggest kind of heroes if we didn't turn very dead. It wouldn't be *plain* dead, either.

"As I was saying, we lay around for about an hour in the densest bit of jungle we could find, keeping a sharp lookout and saying nothing; only I went over the make-ups pretty carefully, and saw that everything was all right to perform before 'is Majesty.

"About nightfall we picked up our traps and headed straight for the lines, driving 'his Straps' ahead of us, tied up as if he'd been a royal Bengal tiger, and it seemed to me about three years before we heard the nigger for 'Who goes there?'

"That was where Prosky got his cue.

"'Friends,' says he. (This was the gist of the talk. Prosky gave it to me later, and it sounded as much like as anything else.)

"'What's the countersign?' said the sentinel.

"'This is my countersign,' says Prosky, throwing out his chest and flourishing his hand toward Mr. Farley. 'Listen! We have come many days, many miles, not resting, not sleeping, scarcely eating, and you delay us now! It is a prisoner of rank—a great General. He is ours—*ours*. *We*, the valiant ones, took him from Manila. It is most necessary that we carry him before the illustrious President at once—and secretly. No one must know of the capture first—it would be death; and when the most illustrious President and General shall examine him, it is he who shall say what shall be announced, and to whom, and when. Is it permitted to pass?'

"But the idiot sentry mumbled something more about the countersign, and Prosky threw some good indignation.

"'Did I not tell you how, coming from Manila, night and day, we could not know of countersigns given only to-night at Tarlac? Delay us at your peril!'

"'Tell him to call his corporal,' moaned Mr. Farley, holding out his hands just as if he was asking us to loosen the cords.

"I laughed—and it was a good stage laugh, too—and I got in some good character business by making as if to tie him up tighter, while Prosky put the question, and the sentry yelled something, and pretty soon along came what he called a corporal, and Prosky went over his tale, and the corporal said, 'Very good; I'll conduct you,' and through we went and on into the town.

"At last we came to a good-sized stone house with a bamboo hedge around it, and a lot of lazy beggars in striped pajamas lying asleep with their Remingtons under them, or playing cards and smoking cheroots and things. Oh, they were a pretty lot of guards! but some of them jumped up all right and grabbed their rifles when they saw us coming, and what passed for a Lieutenant, or a Captain or a General, strutted out and asked what we wanted, and Prosky gave him his act—only kind of low and confidential like—and the chap nodded his head and grinned and threw out his chest, and talked about the Filipino republic being unconquerable, and that soon all the coward Americans would be prisoners, even like this one. He was getting under way in good old Tammany spellbinder style, and lashing himself up into the belief that *he* was the man who'd caught the prisoner; but Prosky waited for the first let up, and then he put in, quiet like, whether his Excellency wouldn't please conduct us before the President.

"Here was where our old friend the corporal thought he was getting left, when he was really playing to the biggest luck that ever struck him. At first the officer was going to keep us all out, but of course Prosky wouldn't have that, and said something about our wanting a share of the honor, and how his Excellency would need a guard, because the prisoner was a desperate man, and had killed two men before we took him; so the officer looked nervously at Mr. Farley, and compromised on shutting out the corporal, which pleased everybody else. *I* think it was the talking about sharing of the honor that won us the new angel.

"With that we all headed for the door of the stone house, and the guards gawked at us and stood aside; and Prosky prompted the General to give orders that we shouldn't be interrupted, and that the other fellows should fall back so they couldn't spy into the windows or hear what went on, all the while rubbing it in good and hard that the fewer people who got on to the game, the fewer chances there would be for outside claims. It went, too; and for two cents' worth more of such talk I believe the General would have sent every jack Tag out of the whole enclosure.

"Well, the General led the way, with Prosky whispering mighty confidential, what I learned later was a tip that we were to say that we were *his* men, whom he'd sent to catch this very prisoner, having knowledge of his staying out late of nights, and promising to look out for us, which he could do much better than we could, with the big pull he'd have after such a service. He'd have looked after us all right; no doubt of that; but Prosky was bright enough to fall into the scheme, using it, as I've said, to get the guard ordered away.

"The upshot of it all was that, after one or two questions and answers and some delay, we slid into the door and shut it behind us, and were shown into a room where Aguinaldo himself was sitting behind a table, looking dignified; and there wasn't another genuine Filipino within fifty yards, barring the General and Aguinaldo's secretary, who stood at the end of the table. Everybody stood—the general told us it was etiquette—in the presence of the President.

"There he was, sir, at last—ratty eyes, Pompadour hair, and all, just like the pictures—and he made a sort of motion, and said something soft, and we pushed Mr. Farley forward. Of course the rest crowded up with him, he being such a particularly dangerous prisoner, and Aguinaldo frowned. You see, we'd pulled our bolos—partly to salute with, and partly to keep the prisoner in order.

"Aguinaldo began by firing two or three questions at him—first in Spanish, and, when he shook his head at that, in a sort of pidgin-English he'd picked up in Hong-kong and on our ships. There didn't seem to be any call for our playing off longer, though. We might have been interrupted or suspected or something, and, as it was, we were good and well bunched, in easy reach of one another's throats. Aguinaldo, of course, was across the table, but that was only a good jump for an active man. The whole thing looked so easy that I found myself beginning to grow very cool, which, I'll admit, I hadn't been before—only I wished the Lieutenant would give the signal.

"Pretty soon Aguinaldo began to get excited and leaned forward, and then Mr. Farley leaned forward too, as if to make him understand, he having just mumbled two or three things the President couldn't quite get. It happened pretty quickly then. You see, the cords on Mr. Farley's wrists were almost cut through, and they came off like thread; and he had the little monkey over the table by his yellow throat, sputtering and trying to get loose, which didn't quite go.

"About the same minute Smith and Evans, who'd been standing back with drawn bolos, cut down the secretary and the General, and I ran around the table to help the Lieutenant with Aguinaldo. Then Mr. Farley jumped over, and we had him down and the chloroform under his nose just as we had planned it out.

"Smith and Evans had finished up the other two by this time, which had to be done. We couldn't afford to take any chances, and anyhow I don't believe either of them would ever have got up from the first strokes. Bolos are made to cut for keeps. Altogether the job was finished dead easy, and, barring the scuffle, there was no more noise about it than passing the time of day with a friend on the Rialto. The secretary's screech was all that could have carried outside, and Prosky ran to the door, ready to explain how the illustrious President was merely trying to induce the detestable prisoner to answer a few questions. No one came to inquire, though. If they heard it, they like enough took the other part for granted.

"There we were, then, with two dead natives and a very quiet and orderly Señor Presidente of the Filipino republic on our hands, and now it was my time to take the centre of the stage again. Aguinaldo and the Lieutenant were just to change parts, that was all. Prosky stood at the outer door, ready to answer questions; but, Lord bless you! I don't believe a blooming one of the gang would have dared to come near the house, after what they had been told. Discipline don't amount to much among those fellows, so far as the style end of it goes, but if a chap don't do as he is told in *certain* respects, something drops on his neck quick and hard.

"That's why I wasn't interrupted except by my own thoughts, and at the end of an hour or thereabouts the Lieutenant was a pretty good Filipino, barring his height, and Aguinaldo'd pass in the dark well enough for a Lieutenant of United States infantry. Mr. Farley's clothes were on Aguinaldo, and the secretary's covered as much of Mr. Farley as they could. That was the best we could do for him, and I admit his feet and inches worried me. I will say, though, that I never saw a man quite so sharp to look out for everything.

"'Now, then,' said he, 'up with him and out we go. I'll get well under his weight, so as to have a good reason for stooping. We're carrying out the prisoner, sergeant, *under* the President's orders, and the President is not to be disturbed.'

"With that we started, locking the inner door and taking the key. We didn't dare lock the outer door, for fear some one might see us and get wind of some funny business, though every door counted now, every minute of delay, for there wasn't much question as to what would happen if we were caught.

"Through the court-yard and past the guards we slid along, with our eyes on the ground and our load shifted, so that the head and face hung down. A good light or even a close squint in the dark would have done for us, but we didn't run up against either.

"Prosky spoke short, and the guard, who'd started to crowd up when we came out, fell back into the shadows quick. Prosky's business was fine, and it didn't take the biggest fool of them long to see that the President had been graciously pleased to do the prisoner in his own way and for his own reasons, and that it wouldn't be healthy to pry.

"All along the street and toward the outposts it was the same thing. People were just as quick to get out of our way as we were to want them to. I suppose Mr. Farley had reasoned it all out that way, and it *was* reasonable enough when you thought about it. What looked like the biggest risks just worked in our favor. For instance, we didn't have to stop and get tangled up in risky explanations, because I don't believe we'd been in their lines half an hour before everybody knew we were there and that we'd brought in a prisoner, and they didn't seem a bit surprised when they saw us bringing him out on the horizontal. Even the secretary's bloody clothes on Mr. Farley helped the thing along. If the most gracious President had ordered the villain's throat cut, what more natural than that the valiant patriots who did the act and carried out the corpse should be a trifle bloody? So it was easy all the way to the outpost where we came in.

"Maybe the natives at the outpost didn't grin when they saw us coming, and the corporal's was the broadest of all. He drew his finger across his throat and nodded cheerfully, and Prosky nodded back and repeated the gesture.

"'Carrajo!' exclaimed the corporal. 'Will you return when you have buried him?'

"'Not till we catch another,' laughed Prosky.

"The corporal bowed in respectful admiration and envy, and Mr. Farley threw him three or four dollars Mex.

"'So that all valiant patriots may rejoice in our reward,' says Prosky, like a melodrama hero, and we passed through the lines and out into the jungle.

"It was quiet out in the jungle—quieter even than in the rebel lines, and yet every second since we left the stockade around Aguinaldo's quarters *I'd* been hearing the howl that was sure to come when the natives got on to our game. It *hadn't* come, really, and unless luck bucked up hard against our plans, it wouldn't come for some hours—perhaps not until morning; but I heard it, all the same, right along.

"Meanwhile we pushed on faster, but it was slow enough work at best with a dope on our hands. He was beginning to come out of it now, and we tied his arms behind his back and got a gag ready to stop him up with in case we ran across any of his crowd. I think it was the big stake we were playing for, and the near we were to winning it, that gave me cold feet, more than the danger, because that had been there all along and I hadn't turned a hair.

"We were making for the west coast now—the nearest point on it—and making hard. Mr. Farley told us how three or four of the little gunboats were to be sprinkled along at different points to pick us up if we got that far, and that it behooved us to *get*. Three days' march it was, easy, supposing we couldn't steal horses, which was worse than doubtful.

"Aguinaldo had come around pretty well by this time, and we let him walk, which made travelling lighter. His gag had been fitted in kindly but firmly, and a rope tied round his neck, in case he balked any. Mr. Farley and Prosky hiked along on each side with drawn revolvers, and told him how he'd be shot full of holes before he was rescued, but that if we got him to Manila all safe, he'd only be comfortably marooned on a living salary. I guess he believed the first part fast enough, if he didn't the second, so he just rolled his eyes.

"As I was saying, I think those three days were the worst, and we didn't have any trouble, either, right down to the last minute, till we struck the beach all of a sudden, with the jungle running almost down to it, and the little *Juanita* lying out about half a mile and the flag fluttering on her.

"Meanwhile they couldn't have found out about us back at Tarlac until morning. *Then* they moved fast enough, no doubt; but we hadn't heard a sound except the yelling in my ears, and we hadn't seen a soul except half a dozen natives twice, and Prosky had gone ahead and explained that we were taking along a prisoner to be disposed of *secretly*, by the orders of his Excellency. That was enough. It looked all right at long range, and they seemed to understand that it wouldn't be just the thing to investigate such matters too closely.

"Now at last we were on the beach, and everything had gone just like clock-work, and the signals were made and a little boat was dancing in over the surf. The Lieutenant and I and Aguinaldo were down by the water, and the rest lay back along the edge of the jungle—just *inside*, you understand—to hold off possible interference at the last moment. Heaven knows why I felt sure it would come, but I did, and just about the moment the boat shot through the breakers and crunched on the beach we heard a gun go off behind us.

"We had Aguinaldo in the boat, lying down along the bottom, in about two shakes, and the Lieutenant and I stood in the water at each side to push off, only neither pushed, and we just stood looking at each other and back at the brush.

"Nobody had broken through right behind us. But a way up the beach, in each direction, we could see the rebels running out and shooting, and the bullets began to splash, and soon the *Juanita* joined in with her one-pounders.

"You see, it was like this, and Mr. Farley and I understood it fast enough. It was *our* business to get into that boat and get our prisoner out—quick. We both knew well enough what we ought to do, but it was leaving the boys in the bush that choked the order down in his throat, and we knew those boys *wouldn't* come out—were just going to hold there till they went under, and give us time to get away. That was *their* business, and they were doing it.

"By this time the one-pounders and the Colts had cleared the beach. We knew the rebels were crawling down along the edge of the jungle, though, and their shots kept dropping in occasionally.

"All of a sudden the Lieutenant got it in the shoulder and nearly toppled over, and they pulled him into the boat, and the ensign was just saying, 'Now, then!' when the jungle in front broke loose. You see, they saw us getting off with the game, and they saw Mr. Farley drop, and they couldn't stand it any longer, Colts or no Colts, so they'd just rushed Prosky and the others, and Prosky and Smith came out with them, laying about like mad, and the Colts and the one-pounders turned on to the muss, and the men in the boat let go. You see, there wasn't one chance in twenty for our three boys, anyhow, and that rush had to be stopped.

"It *was*. The rebels couldn't stand it. Prosky was down when they went back, but Smith picked him up and ran fast to the boat. They had a dozen or so gashes and holes between them. But we were off at last, pulling like mad, and the *Juanita* pumping metal over us into the bush, and the Mausers and Remingtons splashing up the water all around.

"That's about all. You know now what was left of us got back to Manila. Mr. Farley 'll be all right, they say, in two or three weeks, and Smith is going to pull through, and maybe Prosky. Poor Evans dropped in the jungle just before the rebels made their break for the boat, and Smith says he was dead fast enough. I'm all right, and we've got Aguinaldo, which are both important items; and if the whole row here isn't over in two weeks, I'm a Tagal!"

Desmond was a little out in his time limit, but now you know why Wheaton was sent off in such hot haste, and why the rebels melted away so fast, and why nobody of the thousands who would gladly have sold him for ten dollars Mexican was able to tell just where Aguinaldo was, and if you stop and think a minute you will understand why it was better to keep the capture secret. If it had been known that we had Aguinaldo safe in Manila ever since October 28 the rebels would simply have elected del Pilar, who is the best General they have, or some other chap almost equally pernicious, and the fighting would have gone on pretty much as before. General Otis knew what he was about, though, and Pilar and all the rest played over-foxy, as he felt certain they would. You see, no one of them could be quite *sure* of just what had happened, and Oriental cunning prompted each to try to get a lead on the rest by keeping what he did know quiet until he got all he could out of it. Of course the party that overtook Farley's men knew most, but a little private bolo practice confined the knowledge to those who kept still in the interests of this or that leader. So the Generals all schemed and pulled wires, and the other officers and the privates suspected and got rattled, and no one knew just where he was at except that they were all good and demoralized.

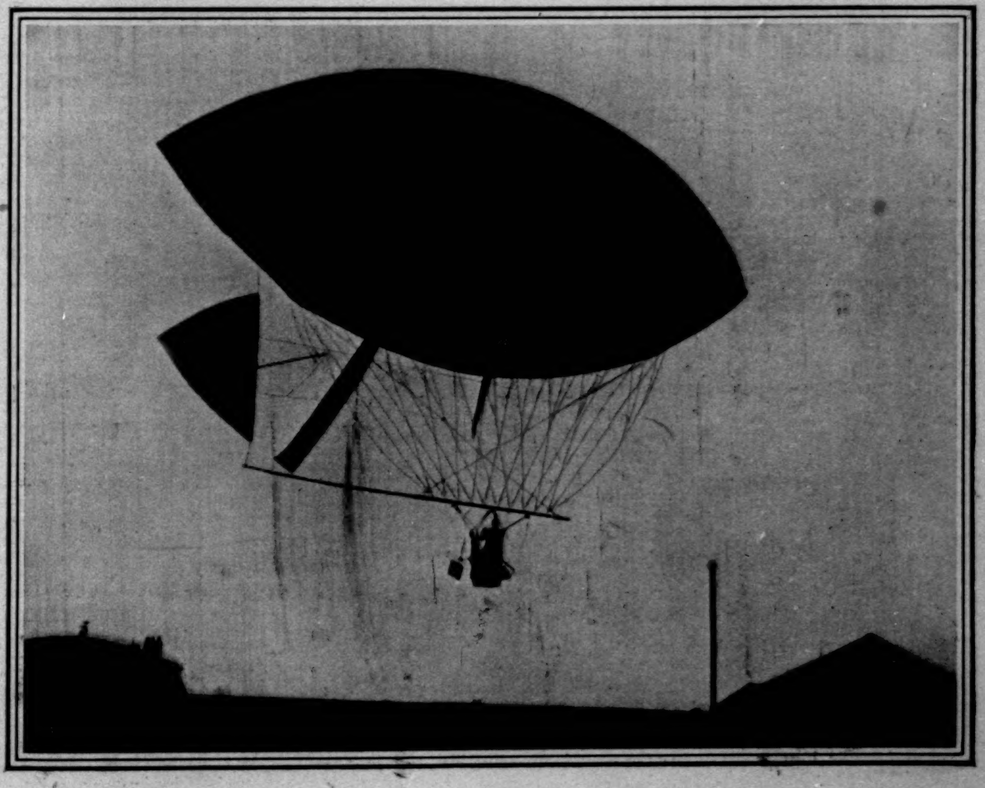
Now if they *had* proclaimed the truth, Otis still held the same advantage as if he had let it out himself, while if they fell into the trap and seconded his policy of concealment he stood to win even more. It is a simple enough proposition that an army that has lost its General is not nearly so badly off as one that does not know whether it has lost him or not.

When in due time the announcement of the capture of Aguinaldo is made, General Otis will get all the credit he deserves, and Lieutenant Farley and his men will come in for their share.

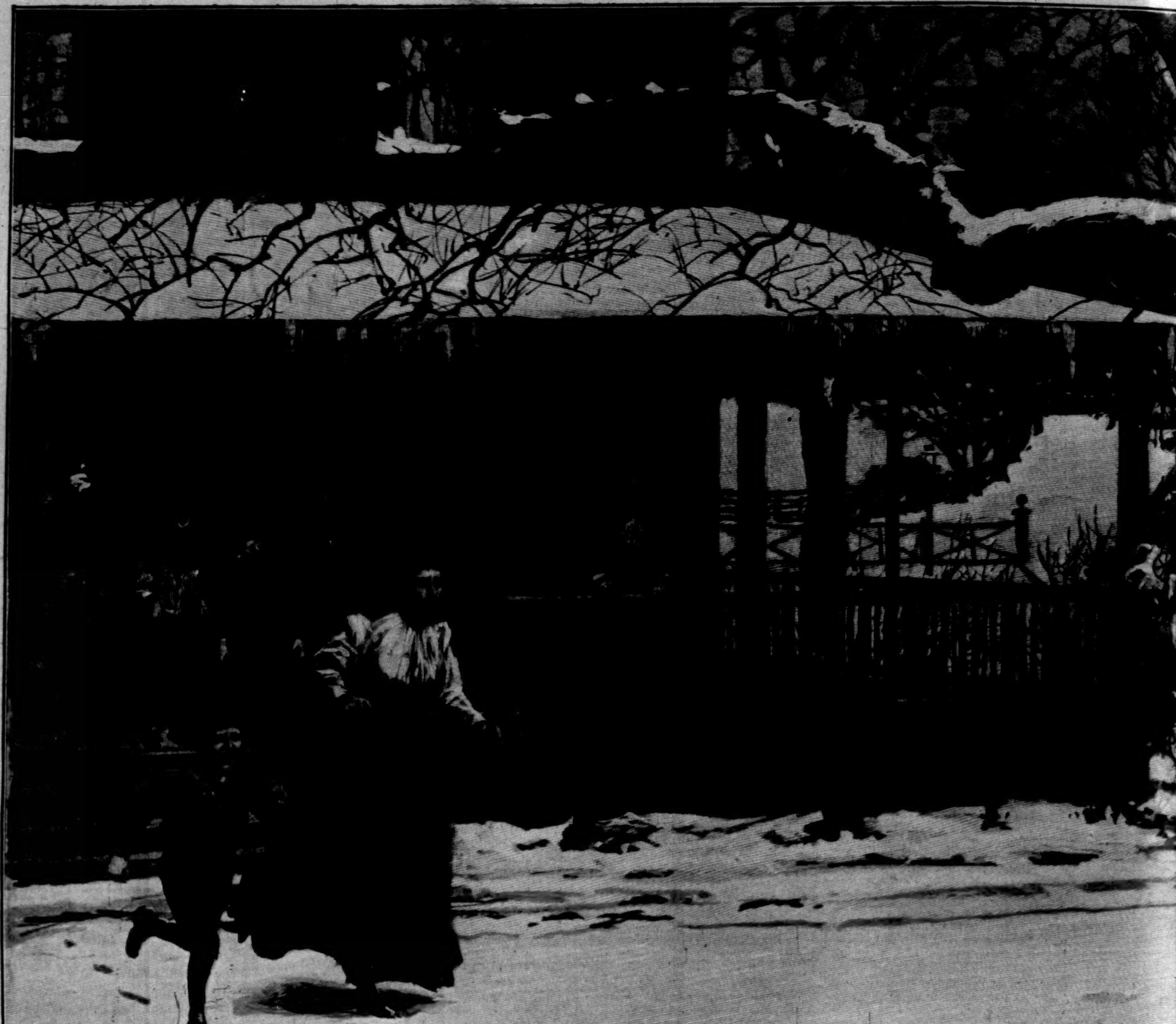
M. de Santos-Dumont's Air-ship

THE nearest approach to the solution of the air-navigation problem seems to have been made by M. de Santos-Dumont of Paris. Within the past few weeks he has succeeded in steering a balloon of his own construction through the air with sufficient accuracy to encourage the belief that his method may eventually lead to practical results. In fact, he has succeeded in sailing over Paris, steering at will around the Eiffel Tower, and he has remained in the air as long as twenty-three hours. His air-ship consists of a large cigar-shaped balloon, which he fills with ordinary illuminating gas. It is 65 feet long, 25 feet in diameter, and has a capacity of 17,658 cubic feet. From the balloon hangs a car, and in this car is a petroleum-engine which works a propeller. This propeller furnishes the motive power, and a large rudder enables the aeronaut to control the direction of his craft. M. de Santos-Dumont has been experimenting for some years, although but a young man, and has made many ascensions. The present balloon is a development of one which he constructed some years ago, but which proved to be too long, and collapsed, allowing the inventor to fall about 1300 feet. Fortunately there was enough buoyancy in the collapsed balloon to cause it to act as a sort of parachute, and M. de Santos-Dumont was not injured. M. de Santos-Dumont is not the first aeronaut to use the rather dangerous device of a petroleum-engine; but he expects to develop his motor in such a manner as to minimize the dangerous element. Both M. de Rogier, a Frenchman, and Herr Wolford, a German, have experimented with such motors in connection with balloons; the former was killed in attempting to cross the English Channel, and the latter met a similar fate on an experimental voyage. The experiments that M. de Santos-Dumont has been conducting with such successful results have all been made at or near the large factory of M. Lachambre.

M. DE SANTOS-DUMONT.



THE BALLOON FLOATING FREE ABOVE LACHAMBRE'S FACTORY IN THE RUE VAUGIRARD.



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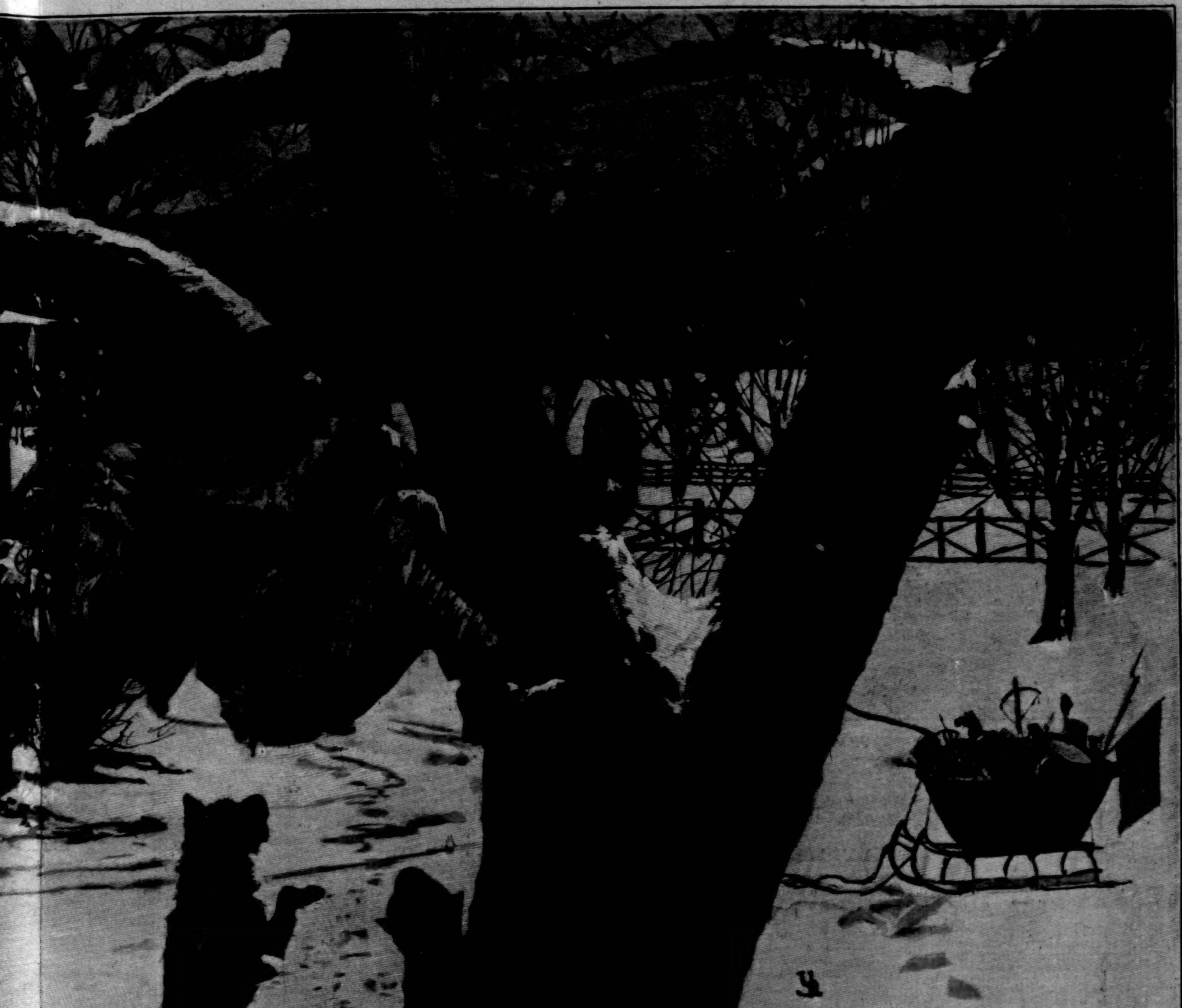


ANTA CLAUS, BUT FORGETS TO MAKE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF THE DOGS.

BY A. B. FROST.

CAPTAIN TAYLOR'S GUNS GOING THROUGH A MUD-HOLE ON THE ROAD BETWEEN ARAYAT AND CABIAO.

LAWTON'S SECOND ADVANCE ON SAN ISIDRO

BY WILLIAM DINWIDDIE

AFTER General Lawton was withdrawn from his strategic position at San Isidro, on the right flank of Aguinaldo's army, last June, General MacArthur's small column, on the railroad at San Fernando, comprised the only opposing force in that direction. All the territory to the eastward of the railroad as far south as Baliuag again fell into the hands of the insurgents, and, further, they once more had a practically uninterrupted line of communication between their armies of the north and south by the routes to the eastward which had been temporarily cut off. Military criticism in the army has been particularly severe in regard to this withdrawal from a key position.

It should be remembered, however, that General Otis did not have sufficient troops at that time to execute any movement of magnitude, and that he was being menaced by the insurgent forces under General Trias on the south, less than three miles from Manila, and felt that it was necessary to put a greater distance between the capital and the enemy in that direction. To do this he withdrew Lawton from San Isidro, and began the attacks on Parañaque and Zapote River.

General Lawton began his second move on San Isidro October 16—or, more properly, General Young, who is commanding fifteen hundred cavalrymen, advanced a few days earlier from San Fernando to Arayat, where he met with no resistance, as the town had been shelled out by the tin-clad gunboats and entered by our reconnoissance parties the day before.

Arayat lies twenty miles down stream by the crooked windings of the river, and seventeen by road from San Isidro. During the entire rainy season we have been holding the village of Candaba—a virtual island in the floods, seven miles below Arayat—and carrying subsistence supplies up the river from Calumpit, on the railroad, in the huge native cascos, towed by light armored launches equipped with rapid-fire guns. It was intended to create here a base of supplies, which might be promptly drawn upon temporarily when the expedition to San Isidro began.

A portion of the preparation was the building of two flat-bottomed scows at Calumpit, which cost four thousand dollars each, to be used as boats for ferrying soldiers across the river at different points, and the gathering together of every casco—the native big boat—on the river, many of which had to be impressed into the service of the United States. The movement of subsistence supplies to Candaba was held back for a long time by the exceptionally high water, which prevented the armored launches from passing under the railway bridge at Calumpit.

Great was the consternation, therefore, when it was discovered, early in October, that the waters of the Rio Grande were slowly falling, and the launches drawing four to six feet of water were grounding on bars at every bend in the stream, unless the utmost caution was used in following the meandering of the narrow channel.

General Lawton and his staff travelled by special train, made up of two of the stuffy little coaches of the English type, and twenty freight-cars carrying some of the wagon transportation and subsistence. At Calumpit the general left the train and proceeded by boat to Arayat. The little launch *Oeste* dragged on the mud at almost every turning of the river, but before the darkness of night came on the party was landed at the town, lying under the precipitous front of the single great mountain cone behind.

The town of Arayat was filled with women and children and a large sprinkling of able-bodied Filipino men. The American military band played in the plaza before the church, surrounded by a lounging crowd of soldiers and Filipinos. The natives—many of them good performers upon their odd bamboo horns—gazed curiously upon the great bass-horns, the flageolets, and trombones, so new to them, while the half-nude children clustered, squatting upon their bare heels, beneath the feet of the men, and found childish delight in clapping their hands against their ears in time to the music. Down the street a great hulking negro of the Twenty-fourth Infantry, with white teeth showing from ear to ear, came cavorting in inimitable steps of a cake-walk, while his glossy-skinned bunkies patted time for him, and the natives yelled in a high-keyed ecstasy of delight. One feels that at some time an attempt at benevolent assimilation of this half-child, half-devil race will be successful, but not until we remove the present handicaps of life by a rehabilitation of commercial interests.

The American troops gathered at Arayat on the 17th of October numbered some three thousand men. The largest regiment was Colonel Keller's Twenty-fourth Infantry, recruited up to over a thousand men. Among these colored men, who seem forever in a good humor, were many familiar faces of those who had served through the Cuban campaign.

There were six companies of the Fourth Cavalry, mounted on the small native horses, and two dismounted companies anxiously waiting for their mounts; there were two battalions of the Twenty-second Infantry; Captain Scott's Battery, now known as the Thirty-seventh Infantry, with 135 men; Lowe's small band of scouts, to which he has added a few native Tagálogs, and the Macabebe scouts, our new allies, whom everybody pronounces fine, to the number of 250. The Third Cavalry, with nearly a thousand big American horses, that seem to dwarf the landscape, were on the move out of San Fernando toward Arayat.

General Lawton lost no time in starting the forward move after his arrival. A small engineer corps under Lieutenant Oakes was busily cutting a great roadway down through the twenty-foot-high embankment to the river's edge, where the new ferry-boat was to travel on a rope from shore to shore, carrying a hundred men at a time. It took them two days to complete this work, but by the evening of the 17th, under the final supervision of General Lawton, who seems to be everywhere at once, instilling force and energy into his entire command, Major Balance's battalion of the Twenty-second was crossing, preparatory to a night advance on the town of Libertad, four miles up the river.

The plan was to have Batson's Macabebe scouts, who were already the advance outposts on the farther bank of the river, begin their march at midnight, and, by circuitous advance, to fall on the rear of the enemy, at the break of day, where they were known to be intrenched in small force near Libertad.

Lowe's scouts were to move up the opposite bank, and be deployed so as to capture the enemy if they attempted to escape across the river. Major Balance was to move deliberately along the road early in the evening, half a mile from the enemy, and advance against them at daylight. It was hoped that the insurgents would remain and fight, as this column was little larger than their own.

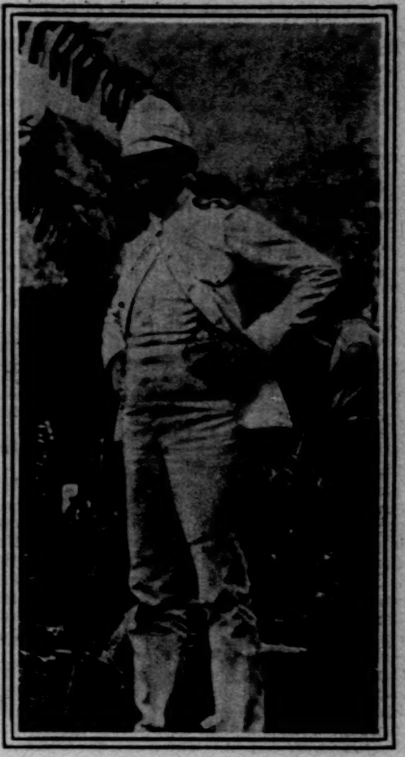
Batson got hopelessly lost in the jungle, for the moon he depended upon for light became heavily overcast, and at daybreak he found himself in the insurgent front instead of their rear. He began the attack at once, and in a few minutes his Macabebes had driven the insurrectos fleeing from their trenches and were following them, running individual foot-races in their eager desire to capture prisoners. They succeeded in capturing two Filipino officers, who did not even have time to tear their insignia of rank from their shoulders, and nearly twenty soldiers. They also came back proudly carrying a dozen insurgent rifles.

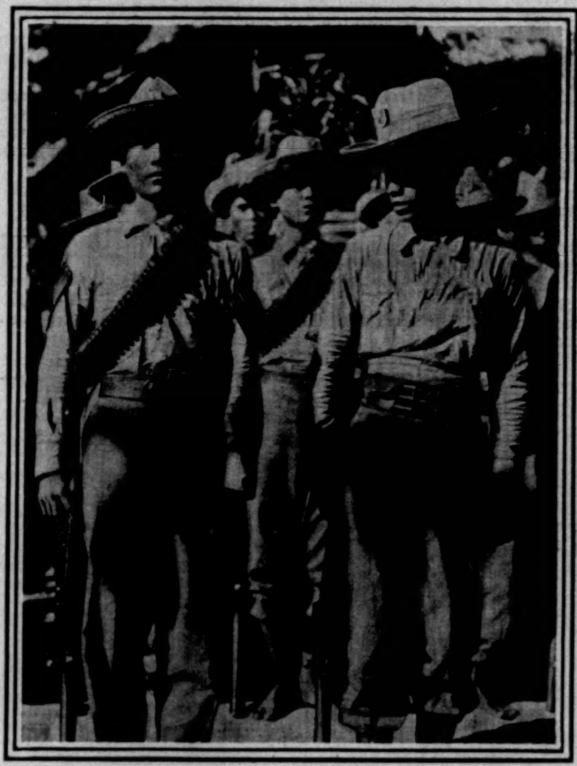
Some slight trepidation had been felt as to how the Macabebes would behave in their first real engagement, though they have done some excellent work in surrounding small towns and securing hidden arms, but they more than lived up to their reputation as good soldiers. The blood feud between the Macabebes and Tagálogs is, indeed, only to be settled by a struggle to the death.

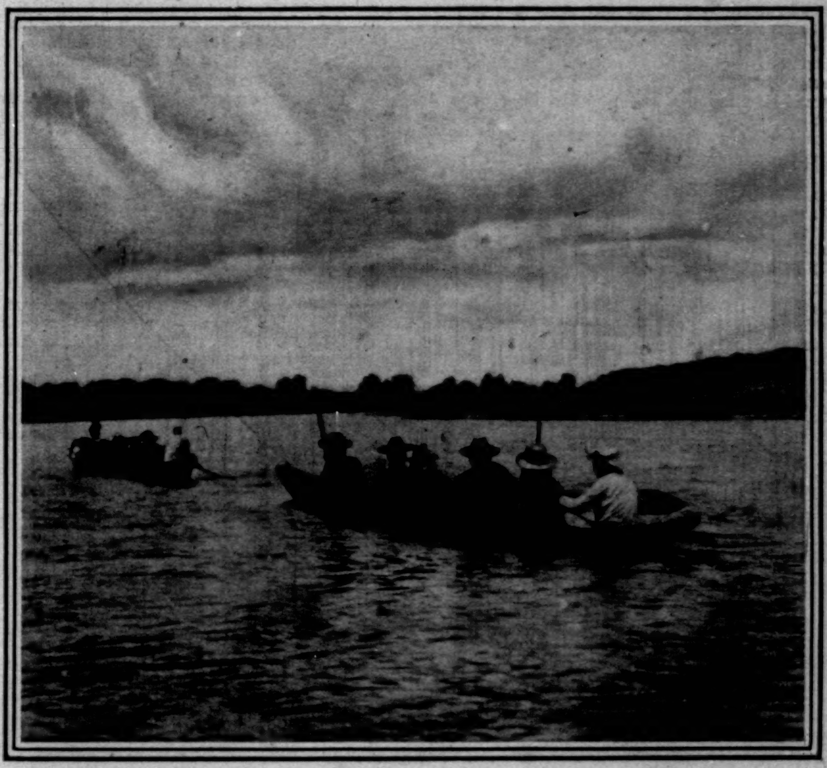
Orders were out on the evening of the 17th for all troops to be ready to move the next day, except Major Baldwin's battalion of the Twenty-second, which was to hold the town of Arayat. But the most serious problem which confronted Lawton was the ways and means of getting his subsistence and ammunition supplies up to San Isidro. The river had, in two days, fallen six inches, and promised to drop still lower He had at his command the armored launch *Florida*, drawing from five and one half to six feet of water, the armored launch *Oeste*, with four and one-half feet draught, and the unarmored launch *Oceania*, requiring about four feet of water. Lieutenant Dalton with the *Florida* could not get above Arayat, and had already grounded half a dozen times between Candaba and Arayat on the lower reach. The *Oceania* was sent ahead, towing a casco, and told to report at the head of the column, wherever that might be. In the event of river transportation proving impracticable, the general had but twenty-one four-mule wagons and one hundred carabao-carts to carry subsistence supplies overland. The layman cannot understand—and, for that matter, neither does the field-officer—why less than one-tenth of the transportation provided for by the regulations in peace-times is available now that the army is on a war footing and engaged in a campaign, where the necessity of quickly following a retreating enemy is always present.

To move the cascos up stream over the shallow water and bars in front of Arayat it became necessary to impress native labor, as the Tagálogs, while apparently friendly, did not care to assist us for hire, or were fearful

A HALT IN THE MUDDY ROAD BETWEEN ARAYAT AND CABIAO.


GENERAL LAWTON AT ARAYAT.


MACABEBE SCOUTS DRILLING.


MACABEBE SCOUTS PATROLLING THE RIO GRANDE.

CAVALRY HORSES BEING FERRIED ACROSS THE RIO GRANDE AT ARAYAT.

DRAGGING A GUN FROM THE FERRY.

INCIDENTS OF GENERAL LAWTON'S SECOND ADVANCE ON SAN ISIDRO.

Photographs by William Dinwiddie, Special Correspondent for "Harper's Weekly."

of future consequences at the hands of enemies of their own race if they did.

The telegraph line below Arayat was cut during the day, and this seriously interfered with military business. The break was discovered to be nicely mended with a bit of cord, which prevented contact with the opposing ends of wire, but deceived all but the sharpest eyes of the signal men. At seven o'clock the same night the wire suddenly went down again, and Captain Cunningham of the Signal Corps, with only a detachment of eight cavalrymen, started out to make the lonely ride over an unguarded country to find the trouble. He met with no opposition, and found the wire two miles out broken, with ends hanging down. The Alcalde of Arayat was called into the general's headquarters, and told to send out messengers immediately to inform his people that if the wire were tampered with again the nearest house to the break would be burned, and any man found interfering with the telegraph system would be hanged, not shot. There has been no trouble since.

Early on the morning of the 19th General Young pushed out of Cabiao—to which point he had advanced during the preceding day—toward San Isidro. It was his intention to take San Isidro before nightfall. The Twenty-fourth Infantry were moving up toward Cabiao, and were but a few miles in the rear.

The engagement which took place at San Fernando, a small village two miles south of San Isidro, was slight, being merely with General Pio del Pilar's rear-guard. The poor rear-guard of the enemy always suffers, and between ten and fifteen were left dead upon the field. The Macabebes again did some wonderful sprinting, and when gathered together once more they had some fifty prisoners in their clutches and a few insurgent rifles. They were exceedingly disappointed that we should release the whole bunch of Filipinos.

One of the incidents of the second entrance into San Isidro was the finding of six Spanish prisoners, who had hidden themselves away in odd corners, and rushed out to meet the advancing skirmish-line, swinging their hats, and yelling with delight. Three of them afterwards asked permission to join the army, saying that for fifteen months they had been abused and beaten, and while they wanted to go home to Spain, they preferred to stay a little while until they wiped out some old scores. They had received five cents a day, or two and one-half cents in our money, to buy food and clothing. It was necessary for them to beg to live. They were at the beck and call of every Tagálog officer, and when they did not execute commands with sufficient rapidity they were knocked down and beaten. They had seen the American prisoners, and were confined at one time in the next cell to Lieutenant Gillmore's men, who, they said, were treated well spasmodically—at all times were American prisoners treated better than the Spanish.

On this same day General Lawton and his staff left Arayat, with the intention of pushing through to San Isidro by nightfall. He had a portion of a mounted troop of the Fourth Gavalry, which had remained behind as an escort. Captain Taylor's full battery of six guns, which had come in the evening before, preceded him. The rain was falling heavily at intervals, and the sunken road to the ferry was deep in slippery, clayey mud. Some idea of the horrors of attempting an advance with artillery and wagons over this country during the rainy season was gained in the next few hours. Without the untiring assistance of Lieutenant Oakes's small command of engineers, who built bridges, filled miserable slimy mud-holes six feet deep, and deflected the road through open fields when the main highway was utterly impassable, the forward move could hardly have been made. As it was, the artillery was often dragged through sloughs where the water all but covered the guns, and many a good cavalryman was unseated from his floundering, falling horse. The infantrymen were plodding along, now slinging the caking mud from their weighted shoes, now plunging waist-deep in marsh or scaling along slippery paths, perhaps only to fall headlong into muddy waters and dive desperately for a lost rifle.

General Lawton left the road to follow the stream and direct the movements of the launch, as it meant much that food and supplies be rushed up to the advanced troops. He did not arrive in Cabiao until evening. Late that night General Lawton, after having been without food for thirty-six hours, except a single cake from the new concentrated emergency ration, walked into his new headquarters at San Isidro. He had spent the day in herculean efforts to get supplies to the troops in that town, who, he knew, would be without anything to eat next morning; but it was disheartening work, for the launch *Oeste* stuck fast at every bend in the river. After nightfall, a mile above Cabiao, and yet five miles from his destination by the windings of the river, he went ashore, and not finding his orderlies or horses, proceeded to tramp the four miles into San Isidro through village after village. It was rather risky for a man of his rank—who is marked by his great height, distinguishing gray hair, mustaches, clothes, and the dead-white helmet—to move over a country densely populated, with only two six-shooters in the party; for he personally never carries a weapon.

The 21st of the month was passed in tremendous efforts to get up supplies. A wagon train was started out of Cabiao at daylight, after a night's work in loading the wagons, and came into San Isidro in time to give the men their breakfast at 8 A.M. Major Howard, the chief quartermaster, had been for almost three days literally without sleep, and things generally began to look as if the troops must live on the country, go hungry, or withdraw. No one ever knew Lawton to withdraw, however. General Otis was telegraphed for one hundred more bull-carts; he was asked for all the light-draught launches he could possibly spare from Manila, and in the mean time the tired crews of the little steamers warped their boats off bar after bar with cables, or ploughed holes through the smaller mud banks.

On October 22, Major Howard took the *Oceania* down to Arayat, and from there started to slowly struggle up stream against the swift current, with two great cascos of supplies. It should be remembered that this boat was unarmored. She had one Nordenfeldt five-barrel rapid-fire gun on her, which constantly jammed, and which the insurgents had learned was ineffective when they had fired upon her several times in the lower courses of the river. There were two as intrepid white men in charge of her as ever fired a gun—Sergeant Harris in command, and Engineer O'Neil, who had been one of Young's scouts. The rest of the crew, five in number, were Filipinos. With Major Howard was his civilian clerk, Chamberlain, and two civilian blacksmiths, who were going up to report to the cavalry regiment. The cascos were furnished with a guard of twenty armed soldiers, but, unfortunately enough, they were all beneath the heavy bowed mats which cover this class of boat—invisible, and useless in the event of an attack.

The boat whistled as she rounded the great bend at the mouth of the Rio Chico, which stretches off toward Tarlac, as a warning to the *Oeste*, less than a quarter of a mile above. Major Howard sat in a chair at the bow of the boat; Chamberlain sat near him, but toward the right, and slightly screened by the awning from the high river-bank on the left, only seventy-five yards away, and was talking to one of the blacksmiths.

There was a blinding volley from the nodding grass on shore. Four men in the boat fell—Major Howard, shot through the great artery near the heart; Chamberlain, through the shoulder and arm; the blacksmith, through the back and abdomen; and the pilot, in the forearm. Every man in sight at the time had been hit.

Major Howard staggered to his feet, ghostly white and gasping. He moved toward Chamberlain, who lay paralyzed by shock on the deck, but who screamed in excitement, "Oh, major, are you shot?" The major's only answer, as he fell to lie silent forever, was "For God's sake, keep her going, whatever you do!"

The Filipino pilot dived into the hold. Sergeant Harris rushed for the quick-firing gun, grabbing another Filipino on the way and placing him at the wheel. He fired one volley from the gun; then it jammed. He took off the feed-cases, pulled the empty cartridges with a hand-ejector, reloaded it by hand, and fired two volleys through the canvas awning above him, as that was the only way he could elevate sufficiently to reach the ambushed enemy. The second steersman was shot through the back, and a third one was forced to the wheel by the sergeant; then the wheel itself was shattered by a bullet; but still the launch forged ahead, and the brave sergeant fired two parting volleys at three hundred yards.

O'Neil, as soon as he got his frightened Filipino firemen and assistants in the engine-room straightened out, bolted on deck, grabbed a rifle, and standing exposed on the stern of the boat, fired shot after shot where the grass was lit up with the flashes of guns.

The gallantry of these two men was of such a remarkable nature as to place them well within the category of heroes.

As they rounded the bend of the river, and came in sight of the *Oeste*, the latter opened up with her revolving-cannon in the general direction of the firing. Lieutenant Simmons had been afraid to fire earlier for fear he might strike the *Oceania*.

The guard on the casoos clambered out, one by one, through a hole, like rats in a trap, before the firing entirely ceased, and answered the fire from the bank.

The enemy had made a clever move, strictly within the limits of civilized warfare; they had attempted to capture an armed launch and their antagonists' subsistence supplies, which they would have poled up the Rio Chico to a point near Tarlac. They failed, but they killed one of the best quartermasters in the army.

A SPECIMEN OF ROAD BETWEEN ARAYAT AND CABIAO OVER WHICH OUR TROOPS MARCHED IN A POURING RAIN DURING THE ADVANCE ON SAN ISIDRO.

AMATEUR SPORT

MIDDLE-WESTERN college sport is yet sufficiently immature to be always kaleidoscopic. The latest display of its changeful colors was made by the incidents which led to the Chicago-Wisconsin post-season game at Milwaukee, December 9. This was a game played because of the insatiable American desire to attain championships; and Chicago, by winning (17–0), no doubt gratified those who seek sectional conclusions on the close of every season. Certainly Chicago established clear title to a place alongside of Iowa as one of the leading two Western elevens of this season. There is no other team in the Middle West to approach them.

The negotiations which preceded the Chicago-Wisconsin game and marked the course of legislative contest are not entirely creditable to all those concerned, nor promising of an era of good feeling for the immediate future.

Chicago, geographical centre of Middle-Western colleges, became the arena for the diplomatic combat which Thanksgiving week ushered in. First, Wisconsin's graduate manager, John L. Fisher, arranged a game with Professor Stagg between Wisconsin and Chicago, to be played at Madison, December 9—the game that ultimately was played. Coupled with this agreement was another for a series extending over three years, choice of date and place alternating with the contracting parties. As this arrangement entirely ignored Wisconsin's boon companions in boycott—Michigan and Illinois—the latter two forthwith charged Wisconsin with desertion, Illinois being particularly bitter because, apparently, Wisconsin had disregarded an existing agreement for a game with Illinois Thanksgiving day, 1900.

WISCONSIN answered these reproaches with the statement that Chicago had conceded the demands made last winter by the three State universities—Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois—for equal division of gate-receipts, irrespective of site, and the right of each team to name in turn the playing-grounds.

Parenthetically let me add that it is claimed there was offered Michigan a chance to enter a triple agreement with Chicago and Wisconsin, under which these principles, the only sane ones from a sportsman's view, were to be conceded by Chicago, and games among the three to alternate annually in Chicago on Thanksgiving day, and Chicago play on the home grounds of one or the other of Michigan and Wisconsin each year in their turn. Michigan, however, declined to enter into such an agreement, because it disregarded Illinois, and because the faculty committee is wise enough to be opposed to agreements for a term of years or with groups of competitors.

And Michigan's stand on this point was unassailable and sportsmanly.

Wisconsin's shuffling methods engendered resentment, which resulted in some plain speaking, not confined to undergraduates, or even to alumni. Finally, President Adams of Wisconsin announced that the contract made by Fisher with Chicago had never received the approval of the Wisconsin Board of Control, and would be repudiated—Wisconsin agreeing to stand by her contract for next year with Illinois.

CHICAGO now became the injured party. Wisconsin's trimming had succeeded in creating on all sides a distrust of her *bona fides*. However, when the Wisconsin eleven defeated Michigan, so strong is the ruling craze for "championships," that desire for a contest with Chicago became paramount. After another session, attended by President Draper of Illinois, President Harper of Chicago, President Adams of Wisconsin, and Professor Pattengill of Michigan, it was announced that, after all, the post-season Chicago-Wisconsin game would be played at Madison, that Wisconsin would play Illinois next Thanksgiving day, playing Chicago on some Saturday, and that Michigan and Chicago would resume their interrupted athletic relations.

Michigan and Chicago will therefore meet in football on Thanksgiving day 1900—a habit begun in 1893—but thereafter will alternate with Wisconsin for the Chicago game on the latter's home field. Michigan was unwilling to enter into any agreement with more than one college at a time, but yielded to this arrangement temporarily, in the interests of peace.

THAT which stands out most clearly and satisfactorily in this final arrangement is Chicago's withdrawal from her decidedly professional attitude in the matter of gate-receipts. Yet the way of retreat was smoothed by President Adams, who agreed with Professor Stagg that, instead of an out-and-out arrangement for equal division of receipts—whether games be played in Chicago or Madison or Ann Arbor—each team shall always be guaranteed $1000, with the privilege of taking half the receipts. This is really such an absurd and puerile sub-contract as to be amusing. Fancy mature men, and supposedly sportsmen at that, embarking on such boyish bickering! The pot-hunting spirit lurks in this agreement, and it would have been more consistent of Michigan to have held out determinedly to the sportsmanly plan for which she first declared. However, Chicago promised to grant games on equal terms to Illinois, the ally of Michigan and Wisconsin in their contention, and Professor Pattengill finally yielded.

No doubt the professor pursued the course best calculated to bring peace, though not the wisest means of emphasizing the doctrine of sport for sport's sake, or of keeping the ideals of college sport prominent. I had rather he held to his first intention, even though it meant no game with Chicago for 1900.

Certainly the issue should be pressed, until that guarantee, which smacks of professional baseball, is eliminated.

At worst, Chicago will probably not again take such a reprehensible position. The better sentiment among her faculty and students has always been against the stand taken last winter. The failure of the games with Eastern teams to interest the public so much as those between Western elevens is not only complimentary to the growth of a real football spirit in Chicago, but also a straw to show Professor Stagg which way the wind is blowing. The Michigan-Wisconsin game was attended by 15,000 in the morning, about twice as many as attended the afternoon Chicago-Brown game.

THE Faculty Conference of the seven, which has been the rule-making body in Middle-Western college sport for five years, was of less importance this year. Chicago, Michigan, and Wisconsin have so taken the lead the past two years that their own informal conference was that in which interest centred. When the faculty representatives of Northwestern, Minnesota, and Purdue finally joined them and Illinois's representative, the Conference was enlarged by the admission of Iowa State University and Indiana University, and its membership limited to nine.

The discussion of this gate-receipt matter has been so absorbing, and the principle involved so vital, nobody has given much thought to other ills. No changes in the rules of last year have been made, other than the minor one of counting an athlete's four-year period of eligibility from the time he first takes any competitive part, no matter how short, in an inter-collegiate contest. Formerly an athlete must have taken part in at least half a game to be counted as playing that year.

Most important to Middle-Western sport was the action of the Conference in voting to make no games with institutions not having equally high standards of eligibility. It seems strange this action has not been taken long since; stranger yet, it is not even an immediate possibility in the East. It must be acknowledged that in respect to insisting on their opponents living up to proper eligibility rules, Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Pennsylvania, have something to learn from the Western faculty conference.

THOUGH overlooking some first-class opportunities to better rules, perhaps it will be expecting all of the Faculty Conference we reasonably should if this year the athletic atmosphere of some of the smaller colleges of the Middle West is purged of present impurities. The Conference has the needed power, and can accomplish the much to be desired end if its duties are conscientiously performed.

And yet there is cause for some anxiety of future accomplishments in the evident personal relish some of the Conference members exhibit in laying pitfalls for one another, if, indeed, in not actually clutching at each other's throats.

Wisconsin's double dealing at Chicago, and the subsequent discrepancy between the President's uttered word and the graduate manager's actions, have created a distrust of that university which only a considerable period of upright conduct can remove.

Then, too, the good faith of Chicago's Board of Control is seriously questioned, and with ample reason. Men have been permitted to play on university teams who, according to the letter and the spirit of college athletic law, were not entitled to do so. Nor has Chicago been ignorant of the character of these men, for this Department and personal letters from me have called attention to them. It is unfortunate, perhaps, but undoubtedly true, that Chicago's athletically official course this year has not been such as to inspire confidence in its genuine sympathy with sport for its own sake.

Already affidavits are being collected by other colleges, "for use next spring," against Chicago men, and while I condemn this holding of evidence until the day of contest, instead of presenting it so soon as obtained, yet it is startling that the status of Chicago athletes should be so frequently questioned. It is a fact that in the last two years Chicago has had more athletes of questionable eligibility, according to accepted college standards, than all the leading Middle-Western universities put together. Surely not an enviable record for a university which started with such promise and protested such righteousness.

If these several faculty Boards of Control approached their duties with the rightful spirit, there would be no evidences of mutual distrust and no ineligible men playing on football teams. As it is, there must, somewhere among these faculty directors, be lacking vigor and ability to see clearly, or else a disposition to wink at offences against wholesome college sport. Perhaps it is new blood that is needed.

OWING to Wisconsin's close game with Yale early in the season, to Chicago tying Pennsylvania, and beating Cornell and Brown decisively, and to Michigan playing a 10–11 game with Pennsylvania just at the time when the latter was beginning to attain her real form, the Middle-Western football teams have attracted more general attention this year than ever before.

Nevertheless, it is doubtful if the average of play has really equalled that of last year. Certainly there has been no marked general improvement among the leading teams, and therefore the progress recorded must be sought, as last year, among teams not heretofore prominent.

It should be added, however, for Professor Stagg, as a coacher, that he this year developed certainly as good, if not the best team—as a team—Chicago University ever had, and built it of material mediocre, as a whole. Unless the Michigan team of 1895 be excepted—and that team played more ineligible men than Chicago did this year—the '99 Chicago eleven displayed the best team-work yet seen in the West. Certainly it was altogether of a higher class than that shown by either Wisconsin or Michigan, on whose teams was material of greater initial ability.

ONLY one other eleven shares the honors of the Middle-Western first class, and that is the team which A. A. Knipe, now athletic director of Iowa State University, built up at that rapidly rising institution of learning at Iowa City. Its claims to proper ranking were disregarded in the West even after it overwhelmed by a score of 58–0, on Thanksgiving day, the University of Illinois that Michigan had barely beaten 5–0 and Wisconsin defeated by 23–0.

Good team-work was the strong feature of the Iowa eleven, as might be surmised by the fact of its members being mostly Freshmen and Sophomores, averaging about nineteen years of age and about 166 pounds in weight, with a back field averaging only 155 pounds. Yet this eleven played a modification of the Pennsylvania guards-back, and played it so well as to cross Chicago's goal-line for the first time this season, and to defeat Nebraska 30–0. Besides a sharp, hard attack, its defensive game was so strong that its goal-line was not crossed at all during the season—which cannot be said of any other team in the same region. The only score against Iowa was made by Chicago, on a placed-kick field-goal from the 25-yard line.

True, the Chicago team, owing to the absence of Kennedy, was not at its best when Iowa was played. But

WARNER,
Right Tackle, University of Iowa.

WALTER KENNEDY,
Captain and Quarter-back, Univ. of Chicago.

Griffith, F. B.
Morton, L. H.
C. Williams, '26.
Edson, R. H.

BACK FIELD OF THE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA.

Kennedy was also out of the game when Chicago beat Cornell, and it seems fair to give Iowa the same credit for improvement after this date as accorded Chicago.

The least that can be said is that Iowa, who formerly played in the trans-Mississippi league, has earned the right to be considered this year with the very best of those in the Middle West. But a college cannot be finally classed on one season's work, and it will require at least another year to determine if this year's classification is to be permanent.

Quite the most satisfying impression Iowa has made this year, however, relates to the eligibility qualifications of her players, which are measured, I am told, by a strict scholarship rule, as well as by the usual ones relating to amateur status. If the faculty at Iowa will maintain a high ethical standard, the playing one will follow surely.

MICHIGAN was the chief disappointment of the Western season. With splendid material and the variety of play shown at Philadelphia, she seemed entitled to a victory over Wisconsin. Yet Michigan gave a slow and—except for McLean's brilliant runs, one for fifty yards and a touch-down, under the most desperate circumstances and unaided—a decidedly uninteresting exhibition when Wisconsin was met on Thanksgiving day in Chicago.

	Chicago.	Iowa University.	Wisconsin.	Michigan.	Indiana.	Illinois.	Purdue.	Northwestern.	Notre Dame.	Beloit.	Minnesota.
Chicago		Oct. 7, 5-5.	Dec. 9, 17-0.				Nov. 4, 44-0.	Nov. 11, 76-0.	Oct. 4, 23-6.	Nov. 18, 35-0.	Nov. 25, 29-0.
Iowa University	Oct. 7, 5-5.					Nov. 30, 58-0.					
Wisconsin	Dec. 9, 0-17.			Nov. 30, 17-5.		Nov. 11, 23-0.		Oct. 14, 38-0.		Oct. 7, 36-0.	Nov. 18, 19-0.
Michigan			Nov. 30, 5-17.			Oct. 28, 5-0.			Oct. 18, 12-0.		
Indiana						Oct. 14, 5-0.	Nov. 30, 17-5.	Nov. 18, 6-11.	Oct. 23, 0-17.		
Illinois		Nov. 30, 0-58.	Nov. 11, 0-23.	Oct. 28, 0-5.	Oct. 14, 0-5.		Nov. 22, 0-5.				
Purdue	Nov. 4, 0-44.				Nov. 30, 5-17.	Nov. 22, 5-0.		Nov. 25, 0-29.	Nov. 18, 10-10.		
Northwestern	Nov. 11, 0-76.		Oct. 14, 0-38.		Nov. 13, 11-6.		Nov. 25, 29-0.		Oct. 27, 0-12.	Oct. 21, 0-11.	Nov. 4, 11-0.
Notre Dame	Oct. 4, 6-23.			Oct. 18, 0-12.	Oct. 23, 17-0.		Nov. 18, 10-10.	Oct. 27, 12-0.			
Beloit	Nov. 18, 0-35.		Oct. 7, 0-36.					Oct. 21, 11-0.			Nov. 11, 5-5.
Minnesota	Nov. 25, 0-29.		Nov. 18, 0-19.					Nov. 4, 0-11.		Nov. 11, 5-5.	

Wisconsin played none too fast, and the game was in great contrast to the snappy and interesting struggle made by Chicago and Brown in the same city that afternoon. Michigan's slow work must be at least in a measure attributed to the tardy manner in which the quarter-back got the ball away, and the lack of snap generally at this important point. A field-goal from the 35-yard line by O'Dea and a lucky touch-down by Hyman, after McLean slipped in a puddle and let one of O'Dea's punts roll over the goal-line, gave Wisconsin her eleven points in the first half.

O'Dea was ruled off for slugging on that very play, and thereafter Wisconsin proceeded to earn the game through the line-bucking of Larson and Driver—O'Dea's substitute—and the all-round work of Curtis at tackle. It was plainly shown that Wisconsin is a better team without O'Dea, despite his wonderful punting. Apropos of which it is worth noting that Chicago's team-work was an improvement this year on that of last season, when in a sense play was built around Herschberger. The same is true of Wisconsin with O'Dea, yet in a much greater degree, for Herschberger was an all-round football-player, and O'Dea is not.

McLean's brilliant work and the splendid physical condition of the Michigan eleven were the only creditable elements of the game, from a Michigan view-point.

THE ending of Wisconsin's season in a crushing defeat at the hands of Chicago (0-17) brought literally no consoling features whatever, and really none was merited, for the long period of training the men had undergone, with the early preliminary preparation for the Yale game, ought to have suggested to Wisconsin managers the folly of prolonging a season from which the men were already showing effects.

O'Dea was less serviceable to Wisconsin against Chicago than he had proved against Michigan, because against Chicago he neglected his kicking opportunities in the second half, when he had a favoring wind. As it was, he scarcely outkicked Kennedy of Chicago, who on this occasion did quite his best in that line.

Chicago's greatest gains were by a mass on tackle, which, however, was directed to the left of Wisconsin's line, as Curtis, on the right, was too good. The game was uninteresting, for Chicago outplayed her opponent from start to finish.

The size of the scores made by the larger teams, particularly by Chicago, against the smaller ones indicates the distance yet separating the first from the second class in the Middle-Western section. Illinois was lower on the scale this year than usual, owing to having unwisely played too many hard games just at the close of the season. The same was true in a more marked degree of Purdue, who had, up to her defeat by Indiana, perhaps the best right to be regarded as the leading second-class eleven of the section. Indiana showed distinct improvement, while at the very end of the season Northwestern began playing something like football and for the nonce emerged from obscurity.

IN Ohio the style of play has greatly advanced in the past few years. Case School, Oberlin, and Western Reserve are the leading teams, with Ohio State, Kenyon, and University of Cincinnati following close upon them. The first three are the only ones to play outside of the State. Case scored on Michigan (6-28) and was beaten by Buffalo (0-18), while Reserve lost to Michigan (0-17), and to Washington and Jefferson on a blocked kick, after forcing the play in her opponent's territory the entire game. Oberlin, which headed the list last year, defeated Purdue (10-0), but lost to Chicago (0-58), to Case (0-11), to W. R. U. (0-6), and to O. S. U. (0-6), the last, however, being by a fluke. Cincinnati has not played any of the "big three" of Ohio, but lost to W. and J. (0-20). Kenyon tied Case, and nearly tied W. R. U. early in the season. On Thanksgiving day Western Reserve defeated Case 16-5, Case scoring on a field-goal.

The year has brought forward some excellent men—Quarrie of Case as a drop-kicker, Streibreiger (W. R. U.) as line-bucking half-back. Davis (Oberlin) is a good guard, and Farr (Case) and McCleary (W. R. U.) are strong tackles. The last more than held his own with Captain Steckle (Michigan). The ends have not shown much brilliancy, with the exception of Shaw (W. R. U), who has done so well as to be regarded in a class by himself in Ohio. He is heady, fast on his feet, a fine dodger, a deadly tackle in breaking up interference. But one gain has been made around his end this season.

With the playing skill showing so well, it is too bad to add that the athletic morality is at a low ebb, except at Reserve and Case. Three of last year's Oberlin team were "summer nine" men, while the four-year rule is unknown. The smaller institutions often enroll men in "business" departments, and deliberately laying out men is much resorted to in order to win games. This year's Kenyon team is a most offensive combination.

At Reserve and Case athletics are under faculty control, and no man is permitted to play whose scholarship is low, or whose antecedents are not clearly amateur.

One little incident will perhaps serve to show that Oberlin's ethics are greatly more in need of attention than the technique of her game. Her one creditable showing of the year was a 12-0 defeat of Purdue, early in the year. Purdue has a good kicker and a fast all-round ground-gainer in Robertson, and when the Purdue team reached Oberlin's field it was discovered to have been ploughed over the day before. The Oberlin men insisted it had been ploughed because it was too hard to play on, but the circumstances made it look as though a low and hitherto almost unheard-of trick had been played by one college on another.

Oberlin's faculty advisers, if she has any nowadays, would better give her athletic managers a little attention.

IN guards and centre men the Middle West has not shone conspicuously, which, with the exception of Cunningham, Michigan's centre, was true also of last year. This year Cunningham has shown a tendency to feature his all-round work—getting out at the ends of the line, following punts, tackling all over the field, etc.—too much, to the detriment of his play at centre. Right at that point Speed of Chicago and A. Chamberlain of Wisconsin have equalled him. None of them is, however, such a distinctly useful all-round man. With Chamberlain, Rodgers of Wisconsin, France of Michigan, and Comstock of Wisconsin the class of high-grade men in these positions may be closed, though Ahslwede of Chicago showed rapid improvement. France has perhaps the greatest possibilities of all, but was interrupted twice in his training.

The quality of tackles has averaged higher. Last year Steckle was quite the best, but this year he must take second rank—not that he has deteriorated, but Curtis of Wisconsin has developed into such strength that, outside of Henninger, and Villa, the old Michigan tackle, he is probably the best at the position this section has yet had, though not the latter's equal at ground-gaining. Warner of Iowa is almost as good as Curtis, and altogether the best of the others. Steckle and Webb of Chicago are thoroughly good, and would be the choice were it not for such unusually high-grade material.

SNOW seems again the best of the ends. He was distinctly superior to the Wisconsin ends in the Thanksgiving game, though so recently ill. Sheldon of Chicago was better than Cochems in the last game, December 9. He improved steadily, and Cochems seemed to go down hill after his good showing against Yale.

Kennedy, captain of Chicago, was probably the most useful quarter-back, his 196 pounds being used with great advantage in interference and in defence, and his punting serviceable. Yet he was not a good field general, and if such a man as C. Williams, quarter-back of Iowa, were on a team, Kennedy would properly go back to half. Williams was, in fact, the only good all-round quarter-back and field general in the Middle West this fall. Robertson of Purdue and Hunter of Northwestern played excellent, though inconspicuous, games. Wilmarth of Wisconsin must be mentioned for his work against Yale, but he did not finish out the season.

McLEAN was easily the most brilliant ground-gaining back in the Middle West, and among the best the country has produced this season. He has great speed, dodges cleverly, and runs with remarkable force for his weight (153 pounds).

Next to him, Larsen of Wisconsin evinced greatest possibilities, but got no chance till late, on account of being behind in studies. Peele of Wisconsin is another good one, but both he and Larsen are more distinctly line-buckers.

Several full-backs can be named who are of more all-round service to their teams than O'Dea—notably Griffith of Iowa and Johnston of Illinois, who seemed the whole team at Champaign this year. Johnston is the only man who could be classed a good punter, and he does not rank high at that branch of the game, in which O'Dea stands by himself. O'Dea made a 65-yard drop-kick field-goal against Northwestern last year. Another record performance this year was his 57-yard placed-kick field-goal.

Quarrie of Case is, in a lesser degree, such another player as O'Dea. He is not to be invariably depended on, but shows great ability to score with his kicking leg against a team that his own team can hold and overmatch. Against Oberlin he drop-kicked a 35-yard field-goal and ran ninety-five yards for a touch-down after a fumble, but against Michigan he was a failure.

FARTHER West, in the Missouri Valley section, there has been much general improvement in play and in ethics. But the final game of the year, between the State university teams of Kansas and Missouri, was a farce. Kansas made five touch-downs and four goals, with one field-goal—more points than she had ever before made against Missouri.

Year.	Winner.	Score.
1891	Kansas	22- 8
1892	Kansas	12- 4
1893	Missouri	12- 4
1894	Kansas	18-12
1895	Missouri	10- 6
1896	Kansas	30- 0
1897	Kansas	16- 0
1898	Kansas	12- 0
1899	Kansas	34- 6
Totals		166 40

The public had been told the elevens were very evenly matched, when, in fact, they were not matched at all. The gate figured too largely in the game, and the Kansas-Cityans, who promoted it for a share of the receipts, filled the papers with false estimates of the strength of Missouri, averring the team better than the eleven that Pop Bliss coached to victory over Kansas in 1895. Missouri had met but two teams of standing this year—Nebraska and Drake universities—had defeated the former and been beaten by the latter. Nebraska, however, was defeated by everybody. As Missouri rolled up good scores on many minor teams, the incorrect reports put forth by the promoters seemed plausible to many, and the result was the largest crowd (about 7000) since 1895. Many left, however, after the first half, with the score Kansas, 23, Missouri, 0.

Missouri played without spirit or united skill. The lack of the former was perhaps the more surprising. Several graduate coachers spent a week or two with the eleven before the game, but most of the players appeared to have none of the life of Missouri teams of former years. After the first touch-down they offered very little resistance in the first half; they were not in the physical condition requisite for a hard game, and a half-dozen substitutions were made.

KANSAS, on the other hand, played with customary vim and dash from the outset. The forwards crouched low, got off speedily, charging the Missouri line with great force and determination, while the defence was the best yet seen in the Missouri Valley.

Football in this section has shown material and general advancement this season, and perhaps the most direct cause of it is the growth of the game at the high and other schools which now send to the colleges material with some elementary drilling. It is only a year or two since most of the members of the university teams were players who had never seen a football till they stepped upon the university athletic field.

Kansas helped her runners both before and after they were tackled, and greatly excelled Missouri in tackling generally. Missouri's interference was uncertain—sometimes ahead and sometimes behind the runner. Kansas employed many more plays than Missouri, who used very few and was spared a more humiliating defeat only by the good work of Captain Kramer, Hill, and Sanders. The game was clean, being the freest from slugging ever played by these universities.

Undoubtedly Kansas had the best all-round eleven this year in her history. Others have excelled in some feature, but Captain Avery's team had the strength better distributed, and passed through the season undefeated. F. H. Yost, who coached the champion Nebraskans last year, and the champion Kansans this season, says the latter were fifty per cent. stronger than the '98 Nebraskans.

Season's review and All-America team next week.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

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Side Lights on Johannesburg

BY EDGAR MELS

Editor of the Johannesburg Daily News

MIX equal parts of blackleg, financier, poor man, beggar-man, thief, with a leaven of the eternal feminine, and you will get a very faint idea of that remarkable cosmopolis Johannesburg—the city of shattered hopes, of materialized dreams, of all that is contradictory. And after you have studied this conglomeration well, evolve therefrom a town of fifty thousand human beings of all nationalities and previous conditions of servitude, living in low houses of corrugated iron, scattered over a wide area of undulating veldt, and you will get an equally faint idea of the external Johannesburg.

Before the war, and more especially before its virgin newness was tainted by railway connection with the coast, Johannesburg was unique among human settlements. Even the early days in California could not show such a mixture of all that was odd—good and bad, decent and the contrary, civilized and savage. Every nationality, with perhaps the exception of the Esquimau, could be found there. The superbly formed Zulu, arrayed in a swallow-tail coat and silk hat, rubbed elbows with the dainty Frenchman steaming in the latest boulevard perfume. Briton and Malay, German and Chinese, Russian and Italian, Basuto and Afrikander, all were there, with a liberal sprinkling of mongrels drawn from everywhere. And last, but not least, was the omnipresent Yankee, ready for a trade or a fight or anything that savored of excitement.

Their occupations?—everything except legitimate business. That was good enough for the Malays—the white man was meant for better things. And so he indulged in speculation that was not altogether like Cæsar's late wife—and sometimes he succeeded in not being caught, and sometimes he was found out and had to seek pastures new. So that the population resembled a seething caldron, with new faces coming to the surface continually, only to be replaced by still others.

From the uttermost ends of the world came the three wise men. One, Harry Brooke, came from Australia; the second, from India, J. Sargent Rodway by name. The third travelled from over the seas, from the land of freedom—the writer. That the trio were wise was attested by the fact that they edited three daily papers in Johannesburg—the fourth being owned and edited by a soulless corporation that paid salaries with appalling promptness and could boast of a printing-press run by steam. Now it so happened that a bitter feud existed between the trio, and that they abused each other shamefully in their respective newspapers. (They slept in the same room, and evolved nightly new schemes for their own mortification.)

Brooke was a negative genius, with just enough ambition to eat. Rodway, on the other hand, was one of the most remarkable characters it has been my good fortune to meet. His descriptive writing was superb, and had he had the mental balance to forswear to some extent the so-called pleasures of life, he would have made his mark in the literary world.

Brooke was the editor of the *Mining Argus*, Rodway of the *Standard*, and the writer of the *Daily News*. Rivalry between the three editors was keen, but while they sought to outdo each other, they never lost sight of their common enemy, the *Star*. All their energies were bent toward the undoing of that sheet.

One day Stephanus Paulus Kruger, President of the South African Republic, announced his intention of coming to town to debate with a mass-meeting the advisability of railroad connection with Kimberley. So the trio lay awake at night devising plans for "beating" each other. Finally the day of days came, and with it Oom Paul, with a retinue of greasy burghers, bearded and armed. The President went straight to the grounds of the Wanderer's Athletic Club, where he faced a mob of twenty thousand half-frenzied men.

The mob vented its feeling freely. It said things to the President which are utterly unfit for publication. It even threatened Kruger's life. But the old man never flinched. With superb courage he cowed the mob by sheer physical bravery. Because of the threats, he refused permission for the railway to enter Transvaal territory. Having done this, he went to the house of a burgher for the night.

That evening the mob determined to hang the President and capture Johannesburg. The state officials and the writer discovered the plot simultaneously, and both laid plans—the one to foil the attempted revolution, the other to get a beat on his friends. It so happened, however, that the other editors had also gotten wind of the affair, and they too planned.

The President was eating his dinner in the cottage. A sentinel was patrolling before a flag-staff flying the four-colored Transvaal emblem. The mob filled the street from end to end. Curses and imprecations were hurled at the old man within. The tumult grew. The writer stood within a few feet of the flag-staff. Suddenly the mob lurched forward, and the writer was pushed against the halyards. Thought and action are often simultaneous, and they were in this case. Here was the chance for a beat, for neither of the other two editors was in sight. A second later an editorial knife had severed the halyard, and the proud flag of the South African Republic was torn into a thousand shreds. At the same time the rumor grew that the Staats Artillerie was posted on Hospital Hill, and was about to open fire upon the town.

Thirty seconds later a fleet editor, followed by others too numerous to mention, made record time for Marshall Square, on the other side of the town. Near his habitation the writer met Brooke. He was indescribably happy, and carried a suspicious-looking demijohn.

"Where is Rodway?"

"Don't know," answered Brooke, winking his eye. "And, what is more, I don't care. I've got a beat on you fellows."

And then, in his exuberance, he let the cat out of the bag. Armed with the demijohn, he had climbed Hospital Hill, where a thirsty set of artillerymen welcomed him with open arms. When he left, an hour later, they were in no condition to fire their weapons, and Johannesburg was safe.

Then we went home. As we neared the place we could see a flickering light through the kitchen window. Wonderingly we entered. On Rodway's bed lay the *Star's* only reporter. Opposite him sat Rodway. In one hand was a lighted candle, in the other a two-pound canister of powder.

"If you move," he was saying to his prostrate rival as we entered, "I'll blow you—"

And that was why the *Star* was so disgracefully beaten on the story of the attempted revolution of March 4, 1890.

Tom Welsh was one of the cleverest prospectors in all South Africa, and when he announced that he was about to trek into Swaziland to look for diamonds, many volunteered to accompany him. When he left Johannesburg, eleven others went with him.

A month later, Tom Welsh returned, a broken-down man. And this was the story he told—corroborated by four others:

"Nothing of importance happened to the party on the trip. They travelled by easy stages north and then east, until they were across the line and were on Swazi territory. They pitched camp near a stream, and erected a rough shanty. The first day they drew lots for one man to remain home and cook, while the others went in all directions seeking signs of precious stones.

"The first night, Welsh returned home a little in advance of the others. He entered the hut. A moment after, he emerged, gasping. The erstwhile cook was hanging from a rafter, dead—a suicide. They buried him that night.

"The next day another man drew the slip and began work as cook. When the others returned in the evening they found him dead, with his throat cut.

"At the end of a week seven men had committed suicide—or—?"

At any rate, Welsh and four companions returned to Johannesburg; but not until they had burned the fatal hut to the ground.

A certain individual was the champion horse-thief and all-around cutthroat in South Africa. At stealing horses he was a positive genius. With Napoleonic strategy he "lifted" cattle, and with true Boer accuracy he shot any one foolish enough to interfere with his method of living. Originally the cashier of a bank in a small town west of Johannesburg, he had been accused—unjustly, I believe—of having stolen some of the bank's money. Being young and not experienced in modern methods of financiering, he had run away. When pursued, he had aimed at the nearest man's horse, but being slightly cross-eyed, he had killed the man instead. From that day dated his career.

Taken to the jail of the small town, he escaped within two days. Recaptured and taken to the jail in Johannesburg, he took his ease and did not leave for a week. Then a hue-and-cry was raised, and Lieutenant Heugh was ordered to catch him at all hazards. The fugitive was soon located on the road to Basutoland. Heugh rode 125 miles, relaying horses, in seven hours, but failed to catch his man. A month later a native chief surrendered him to the authorities, and he was taken to Pretoria for safe-keeping. The Pretoria jail is surrounded by a wall forty feet high, studded on both sides with broken glass. Warders, armed to the teeth, patrol the intervening space. Three warders stood guard before this prisoner's cell. Amid such surroundings I made the man's acquaintance. He was seated on a bench in his cell, the typical convict, with clean-shaven face, and an expression of defiance to all the world blazing in his eyes. When I left he told me that six weeks from that day he would leave jail.

Six weeks passed rapidly, and one day, when news was scarce, I committed the journalistic crime of "faking" a story of the prisoner's escape. An hour after the paper was on the street Lieutenant Heugh arrived at the office, looking very serious. He had come to arrest me for aiding in the escape of the horse-thief, who, true to his word, had left the Pretoria jail that night. Confession alone saved me. And he has not been recaptured to this day.

Once in a while the editors of Johannesburg indulged in a day off, to give their readers time to recuperate. On one of these occasions the writer took a trip to Port Elizabeth, on the coast, in former days the headquarters of Vanderdecken, the Flying Dutchman. In order to get there you have to travel *viâ* Kimberly and De Aar, whence you take a miserable little one-track railroad to the coast. Some forty miles north of the coast it runs through a dense jungle, which has been reserved by the government for a herd of elephants, the sole survivors of that species of animal in southern Africa.

Scarcely had the train carrying the editor entered the jungle, when the passengers were jarred out of their seats by the sudden putting on of the brakes. The train came to a standstill, and everybody looked out of the windows. A few yards in front of the locomotive sat a lady elephant, squatting on her haunches, and gazing soulfully at nothing in particular. The engineer blew the whistle shrilly, but her ladyship never budged. Again the whistle tooted, with similar results. Finding this useless, the engineer opened the throttle and gently prodded the beast. Still she sat, like Poe's raven, immovable. Time was passing, and, in despair, the engineer attached a hose to his water-tank and played water upon the animal. Instead of moving, the animal turned around so as to receive the water upon her breast. Disgusted, the engineer returned to his cab and waited. At the end of an hour the elephant arose, with becoming dignity, trumpeted in disdain, and ambled off into the forest. Then the train proceeded.

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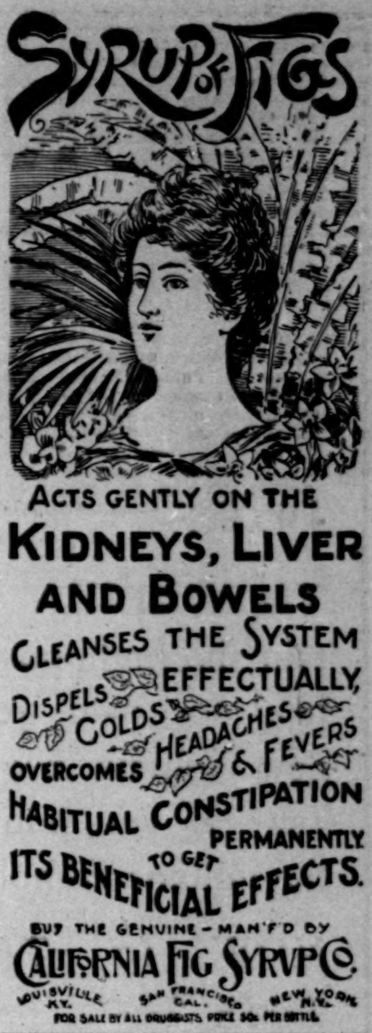

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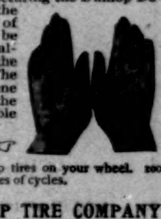

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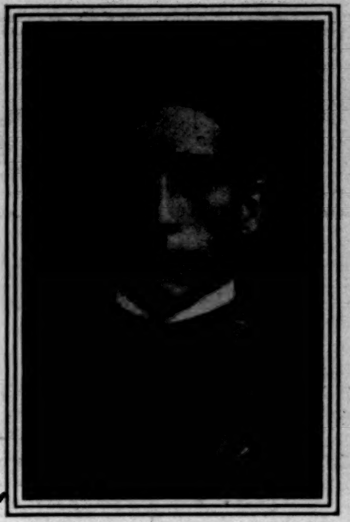
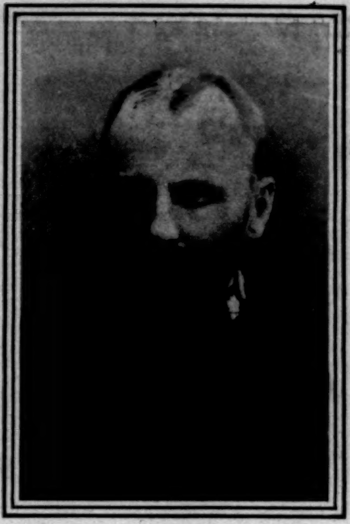
MAJOR JOHN A. LOGAN,
33d U. S. V. Infantry. Killed in Action at San Jacinto, Nov. 12.



LIEUT. C. M. SMITH,
18th U. S. Infantry. Killed in Action at Ilo Ilo, Nov. 22.



COM'D'R E. P. WOOD, U. S. N.,
In Command of the "Petrel" at the Battle of Manila Bay. Died Dec. 11.

COM'D'R C. P. HOWELL, U. S. N.,
Chief-Engineer of the "Maine" at the time of her Destruction. Died Dec. 7.

Notes from the Capital

SPEAKER HENDERSON has been very busy this week doing the final work on the apportionment of committee places. It is customary to devote the first three weeks of the session of a new Congress to this work, and to name the committees immediately before the holiday recess. Though the contest for the Speakership ended last spring, it has been impossible for the Speaker to make his assignments of new members to committee places until he met and talked with many of them. The chairmanships have given him little trouble, but the minor positions he has found hard to distribute. In some instances State delegations have met and recommended their members to committee places. This is equivalent to stating what the different members want, and it is not of much assistance to the Speaker. In some cases this year there has been a wide breach in delegations because of rival aspirations for desirable committee places. In one delegation three members are fighting for a place on a committee which was once filled by a member from their State. One of the new members thinks he has inherited the place from the former incumbent, whose seat in Congress he is filling. The others put in the general claim that their State is entitled to the place, and each represents himself as the ablest candidate for it. It is not surprising, then, that the Speaker has been inaccessible to almost all visitors since Congress met.

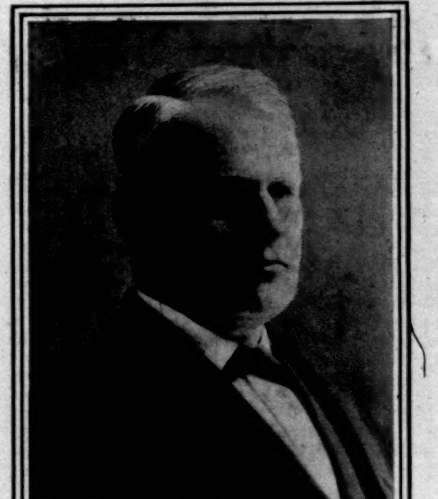
It has of course been understood from the beginning that the principal committee chairmanships would see no change. Payne of New York is recognized as the chairman of Ways and Means and the leader of the House—a position which he held at the close of the last Congress, and to which he confirmed his title in this by staying in the race for the Speakership against Sherman last summer, dividing the New York delegation, and contributing much to the election of Henderson. I asked Mr. Payne recently what legislation he anticipated in the matter of the revenues. It may interest a great many who have been speculating on the possibility of a relief from the stamp tax to know that Mr. Payne says there will be none; and this statement is confirmed by Mr. Allison at the other end of the Capitol.

There are many indications that this is expected to be a year of unusual public expense. Without the war taxes, of course, it would not be possible to carry on the government on its present scale of expenditure. And rather than cut down the taxes a little, and leave only enough to pay the expenses of government, as it has been conducted for two years past, it is proposed to leave the income as it is, and to make up in the year's appropriations for the economies in certain directions which were rendered necessary by war conditions in 1898 and 1899. The public building, long suppressed, may be expected to blossom all over the country. There is no more potent factor in a campaign such as that of next year than a public building. A long list of defeated Congressmen of years past could testify to this—notably Sowden of Pennsylvania, whose failure to secure a re-election from the Allentown district was commonly attributed to the fact that President Cleveland vetoed his public-building bill. If they did not anticipate an opening up of Congress on the subject of public buildings, the Post-office authorities would not talk with such confidence of the possibility of putting through an appropriation of two and a half million dollars for the uptown post-office wanted in New York. This anticipation of an "open winter" in Congress is responsible also for the introduction at this time of the question of enlarging the White House. The plans for a new White House were drawn two years ago by Colonel Bingham, who is in charge of public buildings in the District, and the matter had then the sanction of the President; but it was recognized that in the face of the war expenditure it would be useless to attempt to get an appropriation from Congress, so the matter was held in reserve. There is no question of the need of a new White House. That has been recognized since the day when President Buchanan had to send the suite of the Prince of Wales to live at the British minister's, because there was no room for them in the Executive Mansion. It is the more urgent since Secretary Porter has put the work of the President's office on a business basis, and installed a sufficient number of clerks in the second-floor rooms.

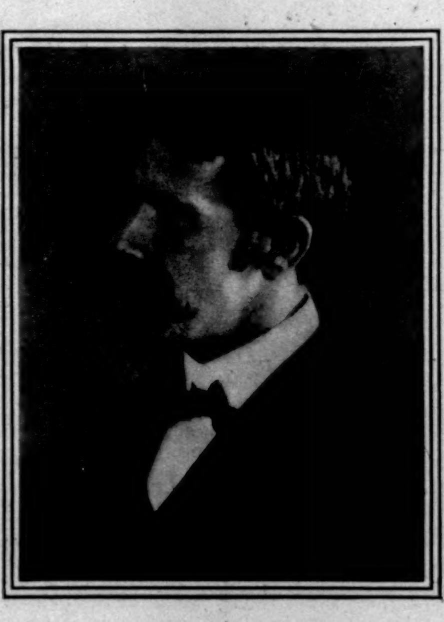
President McKinley has become a steady pedestrian. Each morning when the weather is fine he leaves the White House at about 9.30 o'clock, and walks briskly up Connecticut Avenue or Sixteenth Street or some other of the travelled thoroughfares. His figure has become so familiar to the citizens of Washington that the sight of it excites no comment except among strangers. Old Washingtonians recall the fact that Grant used to walk about the city as McKinley does, and he was familiar to F Street before that street was paved. President Harrison prowled about with his private secretary at night, and sometimes took long walks in the afternoon, but he never went alone. When Mr. Cleveland was in the White House he did not go abroad except in the White House carriage. President McKinley usually starts on his walk alone. Frequently he meets some one whom he knows very well, possibly the Assistant Secretary of War, with whom I saw him walking a few days ago. He seldom returns to the White House alone. I have no doubt that during the session of Congress he will have to suspend his pedestrian tour, or it may become popular with statesmen who want to get his ear to "happen" in the neighborhood of the White House at about the hour he comes out, and join him in his walk. The railroads between New York and Washington do a lively business in the winter hauling the constituents of Senator Platt, who want to get the Senator's ear for a minute, I am told.

Senator Depew has already begun the business of entertaining, and he promises to make Corcoran House as popular as it was in the days of Senator Brice. It was Missouri's famous Senator, John B. Henderson, now living in Washington, who said to me, half in jest, one day, "Brice wants to get into the White House, and he believes that the road lies through men's stomachs," or words to that effect. Senator Depew has a remarkable faculty for missing neither business nor pleasure, and yet of seeming to neglect nothing of either. At his elbow in his Washington library is the long-distance telephone, which puts him in direct touch with his office in New York. In the distribution of committee chairmanships Mr. Depew has got the Committee on Industrial Expositions, which will enable him to do some excellent work for the Pan-American Exposition to be held in Buffalo, in which, as a New-Yorker and a railroad man, he is greatly interested.

GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.



THOMAS S. MARTIN,
Re-elected Senator from Virginia.
Photograph by Bell.



PROFESSOR S. J. BROWN,
Newly appointed Director of the Naval Observatory.

Soldiers' Wills

ALTHOUGH all soldiers are supposed to make their wills before they start for the front, very few of them do. For this reason the British War Office supplies every man with blank forms for that purpose. There are three of these, and they are carefully sewn into the soldier's "pocket-ledger." The first form is the simplest, and is designed for the use of the man who wishes to leave all his property to one person. The second form is for him who wishes to bequeath legacies to more than one person. The third form is designed for the use of married soldiers "desirous of leaving their property to their wives and children in the shares which the law has declared just and proper."

The British soldier usually neglects to fill out any of these blanks until the very last moment, and frequently waits until, wounded, he lies dying on the field. Formerly, on such an occasion as this, he would scribble his will in a few words on some stray piece of paper, or on the inside of his helmet or the lid of his cartridge-box, or perhaps on a stone lying near by. Now, if he has the strength left, he finds his pocket-ledger convenient to his hand and the regulation form ready for his use.

The records of the British War Office contain many queer examples of unusual ways of bequeathing what property a dying soldier may have had. One man, killed at Tamanieb in the Sudan, scratched with a leaden bullet on the inside of his helmet, "All to my wife." Another soldier, killed at Abu-Klea, scrawled his will on the back of an envelope, and thrust this for safe-keeping into the little tin oil-bottle which every soldier carries with his rifle kit. It was discovered there quite by accident. One place where soldiers' wills were frequently found when the Martini-Henri rifle was used in the British army was in a hollow immediately beneath the centre of the butt plate. This hollow was covered by a small brass cap which could be screwed off, and there was just room enough in it for a small wad of paper on which the soldier could write his last testament. As a soldier throws his gun away last of all his equipment, and as it is usually the first thing found near him, this hiding-place for wills proved very popular in the British army.

At first thought it might appear that the private soldier would have little property to bequeath. The soldier is usually looked upon as a man of small salary and a spender of all he gets. But in the British army there is what is known as "deferred pay," which amounts to about three pounds a year, and in addition to this the man in active service gets a gratuity commonly referred to as "batty money." This varies in amount from five to twenty pounds, and if a soldier is killed in action this money is handed over to his next of kin or to any one designated in the soldier's will. In addition to these amounts there are frequently arrearages of pay, especially in time of war, when it is difficult for the paymaster to keep up with the moving troops.

The War Office will accept almost any kind of instrument or document as a soldier's legal will, and in many cases it has been known to pay money upon the mere assertion of a hospital steward, or of another soldier, to whom the dying man may have expressed his desire on the battle-field.

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MR. DOOLEY*

XIII.—ON THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

"DID ye r-read th' Prisidint's message?" asked Mr. Dooley.

"I did not," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Well, ye-re r-right," said the philosopher. "I didn't mesilf. 'Tis manny years since I give up me devotion to that form iv fiction. I don't think iv anny wan r-readin' a message but th' Clerk iv th' House iv Riprisintatives, an' he has to hold his job. But I cud tell ye how 'tis written. Th' Prisidint summons th' cab'net together, an' they set ar-round a long table smokin' seegars, excipt th' Sicrety iv th' Navy, an' he smokes a cigareet. An' th' Prisidint he says, 'La-ads,' he says, ''tis up to me f'r to sind a few wurruds,' he says, 'iv good cheer,' he says, 'to thim rilitives iv th' civil service on th' other side iv town,' he says. 'I'd a great deal rather set up in th' gall'ry an' hear me frind Grosvenor tell thim,' he says, 'that I'm no poly-gamist like that there David Harem feller that's thryin' to break into Congress,' he says. 'But ivry other Prisidint has done it,' he says, 'an' I suppose I've got to,' he says. 'What shall I say?' he says, an' he sets there writin' 'Ye'ers thruly, Willum McKinley,' an' makin' pictures iv a house in Canton, Ohio, while th' cab'net thinks.

"Fin'lly th' Sicrety iv State, he says, 'Ye might start it off, if ye want to make it a pop'lar docymint an' wan that 'll be raymimbered,' he says, 'whin ye ar-re forgotten,' he says, 'be mintioning what has been done be th' State Department,' he says. 'They'se a dhray at th' dure with th' facts,' he says, 'if ye've f'rgotten thim,' he says. 'Thin,' says th' Sicrety iv th' Threeasury, 'ye might glide aisily into a few remarks about th' excellent condition iv th' public finances,' he says. 'Something like this: "Thanks to th' tireless activity iv th' Sicrety iv th' Threeasury, th' efforts iv those inimies iv pop'lar governmint, th' Wall Sthreet bears, has been onable to mark down quotations an' thus roon th' sprosperity iv th' nation. All his ol' frinds will be glad to know that this pop'lar an' affable gintleman has his eye on th' ticker again. Lyman is th' boy f'r th' money," or "I dinnaw what I cud do without Lyman." Something like that 'd hit thim har-rd.' 'In passing,' says th' Sicrety iv War, 'ye might say that ye were late in gettin' hold iv th' right man f'r me place, fr'm th' r-right State, but now ye've got him ye don't know how ye got along without him. Ye may add that I'm th' first Sicrety iv War that iver showed that th' Constitootion iv th' United States is applicable on'y in such cases as it is applied to on account iv its applicability,' he says. 'F'r further particklars see small bills an' me own report,' he says. 'I don't know,' says th' Sicrety iv th' Navy, 'whether 'tis gin'rally undherstood, but,' he says, 'ye might point out that th' navy niver was so efficient as at prisint,' he says. 'Th' name iv Jawn D. Long will not soon be f'rgotten be himsilf in common with his fellow-counthrymen,' he says. 'An allusion to th' gradjool extermination iv th' thrusts would be much apprecyated in Noo Jarsey,' says the Attorney-Gin'ral. 'Those monsthers make their homes there,' he says, 'an',' he says, 'I will say f'r thim they're good neighbors,' he says.

"'An' while ye're at it,' says a modest voice fr'm th' corner iv th' room, 'don't f'rget to dhrop in a bean f'r th' Sicrety iv Agriculture—Tama Jim, th' farmers' frind. Gr-reat captains,' he says, 'with their guns an' dhrums,' he says, 'soon pass away, but whin they're gone wan figure will stand out like th' cupola on a r-red barn,' he says. 'To whom d'ye refer?' angrily demands th' Sicrety iv War. 'To mesilf,' says th' Sicrety iv Agriculture.

"'Gintlemen,' says th' Prisidint, 'ar-re ye all through?' he says. 'We ar-re,' says they. 'An' where do I come in?' he says. 'Why,' says th' Sicrety iv State, 'ye sign th' docymint,' says he. 'Well,' says Mack, 'I've heerd ye'er suggistions,' he says, 'an' ye may go back to wurruk,' he says. 'I'll write this message, an' if ye see anny iv ye'er names in it,' he says, 'ye may conclude,' he says, 'that me hand has lost its cunning,' he says. 'I guess,' he says, 'I'm some huckleberries in this governmint mesilf,' he says.

"An' he sets down an' writes: 'Fellow Citizens:—I'm glad to see ye here, an' hope ye won't stay long. Thanks to ye'er Uncle Bill, times is lookin' up an' will be more so in th' near future. Me foreign relations ar-re iv th' most plisint nature. Ye will be glad to know that th' frindship iv this counthry with Germany planted in Samoa and nourished at Manila has grown to such a point as to satisfy th' mos' critical German-American. With England we ar-re on such terms as must pleaze ivry Canajeen, but not on anny such terms as wud make anny Irishman think we ar-re on such terms as we ought not to be. In other wurruds, we cherish a deep animosity mingled with passionate love, such a feelin' as we must entertain to a nation with common impulses f'r th' same money an' a common language iv abuse. To'rd our sister raypublic iv France an' our ol' fri'nd an' ally, Rooshia, to sunny Italy an' Austhria an' Boolgahria an' oppressed Poland, to th' Boer, who has manny rilitives here, an' to ivry other nation b't Chinamen an' Indyans not votin', kind regards. I wud speak to ye on th' subject iv thrusts, but I have nawthin' to say. If ye want to smash this necessary evil, this octopus that with its horrible tentacles is crushin' out an' nourishin' commerce, do it ye'ersilf. That's what ye're here f'r. Something ought to be done f'r th' Nic'ragyooa Canal, but what th' divvle it is, I dinnaw. As f'r our newly acquired possessions, 'tis our intintion to give them a form iv governmint suited to their needs, which is small, an' in short, to do as we blamed please with thim, makin' up our minds as we go along. So no more fr'm ye'ers thruly, Willum McKinley.'

"An' there's th' message," said Mr. Dooley.

"An' what did Congress say?" Mr. Hennessy asked.

"Congress didn't say annything," said Mr. Dooley. "Congress yawned. But Congress 'll get th' rale message whin it goes over to th' White House, wan at a time, to see about th' foorth-class postmasthers."

F. P. Dunne.

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News of Warfare

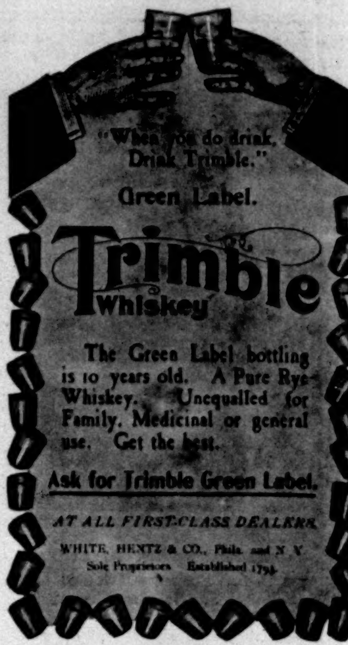
I.—IN SOUTH AFRICA

ON December 10 General Gatacre's error upset the British plan of campaign in the mountainous region below the Orange Free State border.

Here the British troops were divided into two nearly equal commands—that under General French at Naauwpoort, and that under General Gatacre at Putter's Kraal, the former advancing on Colesberg, the latter on Stormberg. From Colesberg and Stormberg converging lines of railroad meet at Springfontein in the Free State; possession of these two points meant, therefore, control of the easiest routes to the Free State capital, Bloemfontein; and General French was meeting with success in his movement, keeping well in advance of General Gatacre, while also aiming to protect the line of Methuen's communication between the Modder River and De Aar. But when General Gatacre's turn came, and with his little army of about 4000 men he set out from Putter's Kraal on December 9, he underestimated the force under Swanepoel and Olivier, employed untrustworthy guides, and rushed his men ahead for twenty-four hours, so rapidly that when they came into action they were completely exhausted. Leaving the train at Molteno, they marched from half past nine o'clock on Saturday evening till four o'clock Sunday morning; then found that they had been "landed in an impossible position," practically at the mercy of the enemy, and under fire from front and flank while still in column. "The Boers commenced firing from the top of an unscalable hill"—so General Gatacre reports—"and wounded a good many of our men while in the open plain. The Second Northumberlands tried to turn out the enemy, but failed. The Second Irish Fusiliers seized a kopje near by and held on, supported by the mounted infantry and Cape police.'' In fact, the Boers not only occupied an unassailable position, but also greatly outnumbered the British. The loss of the former was said to be but four killed and nine wounded; that of the latter, in killed, wounded, and missing, nearly 700—though a number of the "missing" turned up a day or two afterwards. The unfortunate leader collected and withdrew his force from ridge to ridge for about nine miles. The Boer guns, he says, were remarkably well served, and carried accurately 5000 yards. The Boers showed no disposition to follow up their advantage, and Gatacre was able to pull together his shattered column for rest and recuperation at Bushman's Hook, while sending his wounded fifty miles farther south to Queenstown.

This defeat, though so plainly the result of one man's indiscretion, was quickly and cheerfully accepted by many European critics as proof of English incapacity, and especially in Holland and Belgium the Boer success was celebrated as though it had been a national triumph. Our own newspapers published imposing lists showing the number of British made captive thus far in the war, and called attention to the fact that the Boers already had 2000 prisoners. In England the depression extended to the Stock Exchange, where the low price of consols and South-African securities correctly betokened a general fear that revolt would spread throughout Cape Colony. The impression also began to gain ground that the Boers had more fighting-men afield than their whole territory had been supposed to contain; that superior numbers confronted the British at several points, and that re-enforcements should be sent forthwith.

On the same Sunday, December 10, and only twelve hours after Gatacre's column had been in caught an ambuscade at Stormberg, Lord Methuen, 170 miles away to the northwest, began to attack the army under Cronjé that barred his way to Kimberley. He had succeeded in driving straight through the centre at Belmont, Gras Pan, and the crossing of the Modder; but while his column had been weakened by repeated losses, the opposing force had been greatly strengthened, and had been allowed to choose its own position and to elaborate its defensive works. Such re-enforcements as had reached Methuen did not place him on terms



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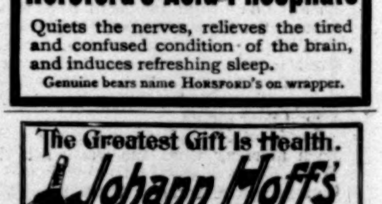

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of equality with Cronjé; the obstacle was really insurmountable; nevertheless he threw his splendid troops against it. The assault was begun by artillery at four o'clock on Sunday afternoon, and a very strong position held by the Boers on a long, high kopje was shelled until nightfall. The Highland Brigade, under Major-General Andrew G. Wauchope, attacked at daybreak on Monday. The attack failed. It appears that the Highlanders had come within 200 yards of intrenchments at the foot of the hill before they were warned of the proximity of the Boers. They were still marching in close order when they met a searching fire from the flanks, and were forced to retreat with heavy loss to the shelter of some rising ground, where they formed again and held their position until the Gordons were sent to their support at 1.15 o'clock. General Methuen says: "The troops held their own in front of the enemy's intrenchments until dusk, the position extending, including the kopje, for a distance of six miles towards the Modder River. I to-day [December 12] am holding my position and intrenching myself. I had to face at least 12,000 men. Our loss was great." General Wauchope was killed in this action.

This would seem, if read dispassionately, to be an account of a drawn battle, with more fighting still to come and the issue entirely in doubt. But the circumstance that the Boer positions had all been maintained, and Methuen's admission, "our loss was great," threw the friends of progress into a panic.

Reports from General White at Ladysmith were much more favorable to the British arms. At an early hour in the morning of December 8 General Hunter, with 500 Natal volunteers and 100 of the Imperial Light Horse, attacked a battery on a hill near Lombard's Kop, carried the position, blew up two guns, and brought a third back to the camp. At the same time a squadron of the Nineteenth Hussars rode around Pepworth Hill, burning kraals and cutting the Boer telegraph lines. The British casualties were slight. Another sortie was made two days later, and a Boer howitzer was destroyed.

II.—IN THE PHILIPPINES

The pursuit of scattered bands of insurgents in the provinces of Luzon which lie west of the Manila-Dagúpan Railway has been described in recent numbers of the WEEKLY, and it will be readily seen that the occupation of Subig Bay by our navy was an essential part of such a design. On December 9 Rear-Admiral Watson received a telegram asking his co-operation with the forces of General Grant, which had arrived in the neighborhood of Olongapo, and sailed promptly from Manila with the *Baltimore*, the *Oregon*, and a company of marines. Arriving on December 10, he found Major Stevens in possession of Olongapo, relieved the army forces by 100 marines, and transported the army detachment to Subig. General Grant reached that port on the same day. On December 11 the activity of the navy was shown in the extreme north of the island, the province of Cagayan surrendering unconditionally to Captain McCalla of the *Newark*.

General Otis reported on December 12 that the insurgents in Bulacan province (the rich central district, where General Pio del Pilar had been in command of quite a large force) were scattered and driven eastward into the mountains. "Our casualties in that section in the last few days were 10; the insurgents' casualties in killed, wounded, and prisoners aggregate 100. . . . Our troops are now in the mountains in pursuit." We must bear such statements as this in mind when we read his further cheerful observations: "There is no concentrated insurgent force of importance in Luzon north of Manila. Southern Luzon will not offer any serious resistance. . . . Organized rebellion no longer exists." A press despatch of the same date told of the capture of a band of guerillas who had made their headquarters near Malasiqui, a town on the railway. "The party included the band which assassinated seven officials in Malasiqui for friendliness to the Americans," and this precious company had held "the country around Malasiqui in a state of terror for several weeks, and committed twenty-five murders in less than that number of days." The correspondent added that the country swarmed with such rascals, whose policy was to make the island uninhabitable for Americans.

Meantime Aguinaldo was leading his pursuers into remote regions, from which only occasional and rather vague rumors of the chase could find their way outward. But when a small naval and military force had taken Laoag, a town in the extreme northwest, General Young and his staff turned up at that place on December 11, and told of encounters which outclass all other adventures of the campaign. His advance had passed over the mountains, driving the insurgents under General Tino, who was badly wounded, killing fifty, wounding many, capturing arms and transportation, and releasing about 2000 Spanish prisoners. March, commanding a battalion of the Thirty-third, reported from Lepanto province, on December 7, that he had destroyed Aguinaldo's body-guard, killed General Gregorio del Pilar, received the surrender of General Concepcion and staff, and released 575 Spanish prisoners, including 150 friars. General Otis added that Aguinaldo was said to be disguised, alone, hiding in the province of Benguet.

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The World of Finance

THE influence most felt in the financial world during the past week has come from the peculiar situation in London. The war in South Africa has proved to be more serious and likely to be more protracted than was generally expected, and the lack of the usual supply of gold from that quarter, together with the demands for the increasing military expenses, puts a severe strain upon the resources of the Bank of England, which plays the double part of the fiscal agency of the government and the focus of all the banking operations of the empire. Its discount rate has been maintained at six per cent., holding up the general rate for money in London and of exchange in New York, where the rate for loans also continues at about the six-per-cent. level.

The bank rates continue high on the continent of Europe, except at Paris, where the Bank of France, after quietly remaining on the three-per-cent. level for weeks, finally advanced to only three and a half. The peculiar equanimity of that institution is due to the fact that it holds an enormous stock of gold—no less than $375,000,000—and also some $230,000,000 of silver, which it has the option of paying out as a means of retaining its gold; and that it has also still a wide margin for the issue of its notes before reaching the authorized limit. It lately added 100,000,000 francs to its circulation in one week in response to the demand for loans. Its strength and freedom and its skilful management enable it to meet its requirements at home without materially advancing its rate of discount, and it could easily spare a large sum in gold to relieve the situation at London if it saw its account in doing so.

The advance in exchange at New York caused some apprehension that London might begin to draw gold from this country, notwithstanding the continuance of a large balance of trade in our favor, but there is really nothing disquieting in the prospect. We have the gold to spare if it becomes an object to export it, and the trade balance can always be cared for independently of the gold movement.

One result of the strain at the British capital has been a rather unusual selling of American securities there, and that has had a somewhat disturbing effect upon the stock-market here—more, in fact, than there was any occasion for. It was one of the incidents used by speculators to produce the fluctuations which are the life of their trade.

Other incidents used to produce excitement on the Stock Exchange have been a judicial decision supposed to affect industrial combinations, the unfriendly references to "trusts" in the President's message, and a dissension in the councils of the great Sugar-refining Company, known as the "Sugar Trust."

The decision had, in fact, no relevancy to the ordinary industrial combinations, the President's remarks were not very portentous, and there is no reason why a menace of division and competition in the sugar-refining business should seriously affect other corporate interests. Nevertheless, these various incidents and influences were used to produce a weakening and disturbing effect throughout the market for stocks, and there were unusual activity and a decline of prices for some days, from which some of the standard securities did not escape. It was a result of the unreasoning spirit awakened by speculation, which is always on the lookout for something which will make things move, and produce profit and loss in a traffic which has only an indirect relation to real values.

Meantime the record of prosperous activity in business continued, as shown in railroad earnings and the dividends of various industrial corporations. Evidence comes in of better times with the New England cotton-mills than have been experienced for several years, while the great iron and steel industries show no abatement of profitable activity. There has still been talk about a scarcity of funds and high rates in the money-market as something calling for relief, but it is not in the least distressing, and is due to the constant demand for money for legitimate use, which occasionally forces an abnormally high rate on a sudden demand for speculative loans.

The money sent out from New York early in the season has been unusually slow in returning, because it found profitable use in the interior. It is this use of the vast volume of the currency of the country, and the lack of facility for its expansion, that have kept rates at an unusually high level. The demands for a variety of payments and settlements as the end of the year approaches add somewhat to the stringency, which the national Treasury endeavors to relieve by the purchase of bonds and anticipation of interest falling due at the beginning of the new year. About $5.500.000 is to be paid out in this way, but an advance in the market-price of government bonds put a stop to sales to the Treasury on the terms offered in November.